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CHRONICLE.

THIS has been a week of severe speaking. Home Politics. Mr. BALFOUR's long-expected Newcastle campaign began very well on Friday week with the usual succession of short speeches at clubs and suchlike places in the afternoon, and a set address after dinner in the evening. In this first set speech Mr. BALFOUR devoted himself chiefly to Mr. MORLEY, and especially to that part of Mr. MORLEY's recent utterances and conduct which is connected with the suggestion that the Parnellite party ought not to be opposed as foes, but taken into council as coadjutors and advisers. Indeed, this part of Mr. BALFOUR's work may be said to have been spent on upsetting the contention of Gladstonians that Mr. PARNELL and his friends have been whitewashed by the Commission. Lord SPENCER had the extreme misfortune to be reported as talking on Irish matters at the same time as Mr. BALFOUR, and on the same day some very curious evidence was given at Tipperary on the subject of boycotting.—On Saturday Mr. BALFOUR continued his examination of the Tipperary incident, still devoting himself almost entirely to Mr. JOHN MORLEY's action in and remarks on it, and reviewing both in a manner which was certainly damaging enough. In the evening of this day Mr. BALFOUR delivered a non-political address on scientific education in giving away the prizes at the Newcastle Science and Art Schools.—On Monday night, at Newcastle likewise, Mr. MORLEY took up the wondrous tale to rejoin to Mr. BALFOUR as Mr. BALFOUR had replied to him. It was not generally thought, even we believe among Gladstonians, that his answer was very complete; but there were some amusing passages in it. Mr. MORLEY's admission that "he might not have gone to Tipperary if he had not been in Ireland," seems to show that he has "been in Ireland" to some purpose.—Overlapping Mr. MORLEY, and increasing day by day during the week, there has been the further attraction of Mr. GLADSTONE's Midlothian tour, beginning on Monday with the usual carefully calculated roadside speeches and refusals to speak, the chance musters of admirers, the bringing up of pretty babes and sucklings to present flowers, and all the familiar rest of it. An enthusiastic author, by the way, this week dedicates a book to Mr. GLADSTONE as "the Friend of Humanity." Has the reading of the *Anti-Jacobin* gone out of fashion? Tories certainly can have no reason for grudging Mr. GLADSTONE the benefits of the title.—Lord GRANVILLE, it should be said, had done heavy father to Mr. MORLEY, and was shown as a proof that the Gladstonians are the real Liberals, since they can produce such a Lord GRANVILLE as this. A good many minor speeches were also delivered on Monday.—Mr. GLADSTONE's first set speech was on Tuesday, in the presence of Lord ROSEBURY, and Professor BLACKIE, and the Skye Land League in full Highland costume, and everything proper; but the address itself has drawn fewer superlatives from Mr. GLADSTONE's admirers than usual. Perhaps they were disappointed by the prominence in the feast of Mitchelstown—a repeated cabbage, a tinned delicacy not even freshly opened—to the exclusion of the fresher fare of Mr. HARRISON's broken head. But Mr. GLADSTONE has got his Mitchelstown pat, and it would be hard to expect a speaker who talks so much of, though he attends so little to, the warnings of age to learn a new lesson. Mr. GLADSTONE has discarded so much of the usual apparel in dealing with this subject that he must have had to scrutinize his person carefully before discovering any rag to throw off on this occasion. He found it, however, and protested that the Irish people ought to hate the law, and that it was "perfectly wonderful" they did not break it oftener. It is to be hoped that he did not speak, as the *Daily News* reports him to have spoken,

of the murdered Inspector MARTIN as "an officer who, un-
happily, lost his life through the errors he was led into
in a very cruel act, in the arrest of an excellent priest." If he did, an arrest is, with Mr. GLADSTONE, a "very cruel
act," a brutal murder a merely "unhappy" incident. On the same day with this report appeared a letter of Mr. BALFOUR's taking up some points in Mr. MORLEY's rejoinder, and in due course surjoined to by Mr. MORLEY.

—Meanwhile the misconduct of the defence at Tipperary had at last become too great for the long suffering of the magistrates, and Mr. SHEEHY, M.P., was on Tuesday committed to gaol for contempt of Court. It may be observed, by-the-by, that the solicitor for the defence, Mr. V. B. DILLON, had previously written a characteristic letter upbraiding Mr. BALFOUR for prejudging the case. What Mr. MORLEY has been doing Mr. DILLON forgot to characterize. Mr. DILLON, who may be described as the "letter-writingest" solicitor ever known, has subsequently exercised his pen on the change in the proceedings against Mr. HARRISON, on Colonel CADDELL, and probably on many other things and persons.—Mr. GLADSTONE's second Midlothian speech, on Thursday, was, naturally enough, occupied with jubilation, even to the extent of a kind of *Nunc Dimittis*, over the Eccles election. He, however, rather naively betrayed disappointment as to the amount of the majority, and his utterances on the Eight Hours may be commended to those (if there be any such) who honestly deny that this question settled the contest. Before the election Mr. GLADSTONE spoke very unfavourably of the Eight Hours Movement; during it he endeavoured to withdraw his condemnation; since it he has provisionally extended direct encouragement to the miners at least (and they were miners at Eccles) who insist on eight hours. Any more wanted?

The Eccles
Election.

This election, in which, from the close nature of previous contests, unusual interest had been taken, ended on Wednesday by the success of the Gladstonian candidate, who polled 4,901 to his opponent's 4,696. This is a disaster, and we have no desire to deny it. In ordinary times the transference of less than three hundred votes on a poll of nearly ten thousand would be a very small matter; but these are not ordinary times. Mr. ROBY was no doubt an unusually strong candidate, uniting the intellectual distinction, which is the rarest of all qualities among Gladstonians, with commercial aptitude and influence, and with long practice as a local politician. But Mr. EGERTON was a very good candidate too; and that there was no flinching on the part of the Tories is shown by the fact that there was a positive increase in his poll. It is, therefore, impossible not to conclude that Mr. ROBY's ingenious fishing with all sorts of nets landed a sufficient number of those professedly Unionist Liberals who, according to the besetting sin of the Liberal party, put this and that private interest, crotchet, or fad, before national concerns. This is the greatest danger of the Unionist alliance, and it must be looked to seriously by those concerned, or Conservatives will begin to ask themselves whether they are or are not getting ware for the rather abundant money they have paid for the Liberal vote.

Foreign
Affairs.

Particulars were received on Monday respecting the entrance of the British gunboats on the waters of the Zambesi—an entrance which was, as might have been expected, not attended by any of the melodramatic incidents pictured by Portuguese imagination, but which, though entirely in accordance with the unvarying attitude of England, has still further enraged the Portuguese mind. The information as to Manica Land is at present less complete, and it is not yet certain whether the chief with whom Mr. COLQUHOUN has pretty certainly had negotiations does or does not inhabit part of the

territory reserved by the Convention to Portugal. As has already been pointed out, the delay on the Portuguese side in accepting that Convention would debar her from making any complaint even if it were so; but it is more probable that some time of grace will be allowed to the infatuated politicians of Lisbon.—The irreconcilable "Young Czech" party in the Bohemian Parliament appears to have received a rebuff, and the compromise between Czechs and Germans may have a chance. Meanwhile the inconveniences of Home Rule, even where there is something of a real nationality concerned, are excellently illustrated.—Much excitement was felt in the United States over the murder of Mr. HENNESSY, Chief of the New Orleans Police, by, as it is supposed, a branch of the Sicilian Mafia.—It was announced on Tuesday, but contradicted next day, that negotiations on the subject of the Egyptian-Abyssinian frontier would be renewed with Italy. There would be no harm in this, provided that Kassala is not surrendered.—The reports of Armenian sufferings are well kept up; but even Russian organs acknowledge a vast improvement in the condition of Crete.—Very curious details, on which we comment elsewhere, were published on Thursday respecting the famous German Slave-trade proclamation.—In the United States a testimonial has been presented, none too soon, to WALT WHITMAN; but it is a pity that the chief actor should have been an offensive quack like Mr. ROBERT INGERSOLL.

Correspondence. In the early part of the week Mr. GLADSTONE was hard at work explaining away his Eight Hours utterances, which were well brought home to him by Mr. HOWORTH.—A writer signing himself "SOUDAN" differed with Sir SAMUEL BAKER about the importance of Kassala, while agreeing as to that of Berber. It is sufficient to reply that geography and history both require that the Kassala district shall be in the power of whosoever is to command the Nile.—Colonel HORNBYS, of the East Surrey Regiment, gave an emphatic contradiction to the reports of insubordination among his men at Guernsey before their embarkation, and, in effect, confirmed what was surmised here as being the real explanation of the matter.—The epistolary complaints of Vestry smells have continued, with a vigorous abundance proportional to that of the smells themselves; and a decidedly amusing letter of the candid-friend type has appeared on the Egyptian monuments question signed "AN EIGHT YEARS' RESIDENT."—Mr. STANLEY has drawn attention to the discreditable small amount of the subscriptions for placing a steamer on the Victoria Nyanza, in which task there is some fear that the Germans will forestall us.—Lord BRASSEY has made some suggestions for making "Gib" a less uncomfortable and unpopular place for the British soldier to garrison; and attention has been drawn to Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN's notions of quotation from Lord SALISBURY. These seem to be modelled on the celebrated citation of "There is no GOD" as a text of Scripture.—Further complaints have been made, and a formal explanation offered by Dr. TRISTRAM, in reference to the "Reconciliation" service in St. Paul's. Both those who maintain that it should not have taken place, and those who hold that it should have taken place sooner, seem curiously to mistake the position of the Church of England. It is of the essence of that Church—first, to abandon no canonical tradition without reason; secondly, to apply none without due consideration and investigation of precedent in unusual cases.

Sport. On Tuesday, the first day of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, the interest was lessened by the bad field for the Criterion Stakes, which M. BLANC'S Gouverneur, the Middle Park Plate winner, had at his mercy and won as he liked. But Mr. ROSE'S Bel Demonio (in blinkers) won the Two Hundred Sos. Plate easily, and Mr. PADDOCK'S Rowington the Maiden Plate well, while the victory of the PRINCE OF WALES'S Pierrette in the Criterion Nursery Handicap was, as always, popular. On Wednesday the Cambridgeshire was carried off by the favourite, M. EPHRUSSI'S Alicante; while Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD'S Godwit won the New Nursery Plate, Lord PENRHYN'S Noble Chieftain the Flying Stakes, and Lord ROSEBERY'S Corstorphine (though lame) the Dewhurst Plate. On the third day the Free Handicap provided a very interesting race, the Duke of PORTLAND'S St. Serf winning well from the light weight Martagon, and the other starters being Blue Green, Surefoot, and Sainfoin, each of whom might put in solid claim to have been at one time or another the best three-year-old of

1890. Baron DE ROTHSCHILD'S Haute Saône (with, it is true, a huge advantage in weight) defeated Mephisto and Dog Rose for the All-Aged Stakes, while Bumptious and Retribution ran a dead heat for the Cheveley Stakes.

On Tuesday the Duke of EDINBURGH unveiled, Miscellaneous at Plymouth, the statue of BRITANNIA, which was erected in commemoration of the Armada.

—The London County Council has agreed to purchase the seventy-four acres of well-timbered ground known as Bostall Woods.—The demanded extradition of CASTIGLIONI, the alleged slayer of M. Rossi at Bellinzona, has attracted some attention at Bow Street this week.—On Tuesday the United Kingdom Alliance met at Manchester, and the cats at the Crystal Palace.—The Harveian Oration was delivered this day week by Dr. ANDREW; and on the same day the Bishop of DOVER was consecrated.—The Corporation of London, like its County Council, has resolved to take up the subject of the water supply seriously—a perilous adventure, but certainly not an idle or superfluous one.—Mr. STANLEY took his degree at Cambridge on Thursday with due honours.

The obituary of the week was opened by the Obituary. The well-known violinist, Mr. SAINTON; and by a once scarcely less known artist in a different kind, M. SIMONIDES, a forger of manuscripts of the greatest skill.—In writing about Sir RICHARD BURTON, whose death at Trieste, so long his home, was announced early in this week, something of the same difficulty may be felt which was felt last week as to Mr. THOROLD ROGERS. Sir RICHARD, whom it still seems more natural to call "Captain" BURTON, was a man of vast practical energy, of multifarious ability, of immense—though somewhat desultory and irregular—information, and of literary faculties which were actually considerable, and would, with a little discipline and self-criticism, or attention to the criticism of others, have been very great indeed. He had, in very large measure in each case, two of the gifts which no amount of study will give a man, and which often go together—the gift of the traveller and the gift of the linguist. His dash, his resource, his endurance in practical affairs, his appetite for knowledge, and his brazen-bowelled capacity for study were all extraordinary. If at the same time he was insubordinate and impracticable to the last degree as an official, cantankerous, almost insanely egotistical, wantonly contemptuous of what others respect in matters religious and moral, and not too generous to rivals, it can only be said that the pity of it was greater than the blame.—Another, though different, example of what Americans irreverently, but not unkindly, call "the 'crank'" was the Rev. Dr. GALBRAITH, a very learned and very eccentric Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, who was first a strong Tory and then a red-hot Nationalist.—Mr. HENRY WALLIS was an excellent engraver of a school which is now alas! at the last gasp, and which shows no signs of near resurrection.

The Winter Season of the Royal Italian Opera Books, Art, &c., opened on Saturday last.—On Thursday night, at the Porte St. Martin in Paris, Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT appeared, seemingly with dubious success, in MM. SARDOU and MOREAU'S *Cleopâtre*.—Not a few books of interest (which we hope to review in due time) have been published during the week. The chief are Mr. LANG'S expected Life of Lord INDESLEIGH (BLACKWOOD); Captain BARTTELOT'S *Diaries and Letters* of his ill-fated brother (BENTLEY), with a pretty sharp polemic against Mr. STANLEY; and a very beautiful volume on the *Finding of Wineland the Good* (the alleged Icelandic discovery of America), by Mr. A. M. REEVES (Clarendon Press). Messrs. BLACK have issued the first part (*Waverley*) of a new and wonderfully cheap sixpenny edition of SCOTT. The print, though small, is excellent, and the edition has some modern elucidations which the lapse of three-quarters of a century has made by no means superfluous. But we rather wish the size had been smaller, and the page not double-columned.

MR. MORLEY AND MR. BALFOUR.

WE can sympathize, we confess, in no inconsiderable degree with those old-fashioned people who regard a public dispute between a Minister and an ex-Minister of the Crown over the merits of their respective admini-

stations as a somewhat undignified spectacle. We can join them, indeed, in deplored it, and only part company with them when they say, or if they imply, that it is not only deplorable, but avoidable. Here, however, we are compelled to bid adieu to them; since unfortunately it appears to us to be no more possible for a Minister in possession to decline controversy of this kind when conspicuously challenged to it by a predecessor in office than it would be for him to turn a deaf ear to the summons of the party manager and evade the recurring obligations of the stump. All that can be said of the particular passage of arms which has just taken place between Mr. MORLEY and Mr. BALFOUR is that its provocation was eminently gratuitous on the challenger's part, and that the exceptionally copious ingredient of the personal which has been infused into it was entirely of his infusion. We do Mr. MORLEY the justice of believing that his attack on the CHIEF SECRETARY was not as maliciously inspired as at first sight it might have seemed to be. It is to be regarded rather as an example of that flurried violence into which even the mildest of men may be betrayed in his attempts to escape from a desperately false position in which he is uneasily conscious of being an object of ridicule. This is how Mr. MORLEY doubtless felt when he made his speech at St. Helen's, and, hitting out rather wildly around him in his chagrin and vexation, he naturally enough fell foul of Mr. BALFOUR. For the late Chief Secretary—though wanting, *ex vi termini* as a Gladstonian, in the deeper sense of humour—is not without a certain intellectual appreciation of the ridiculous; and he must have chafed a good deal at the exercise which he has himself given to this faculty in others by his visit to Tipperary. We do not say that he could have avoided that adventure; perhaps he *had* to go; was captured, and could not get off. Or, at any rate, we prefer that hypothesis to the painfully lame explanation that, "being in Ireland," and knowing that "an unconstitutional trial was going to be held over a friend of mine, I was not going to take a boat and come over to rest in my arm-chair and meditate upon Irish affairs, and leave him to go and face this ordeal." "I am not," Mr. MORLEY added, proudly, "I am not made like that." But Mr. MORLEY is not made very unlike that, because he took a remarkably speedy departure from Tipperary, leaving the Removables to do their unconstitutional work unwatched by him, while, by a curious irony of events, the friend whom he left "to face this ordeal" declined to face it, but himself "took a boat" instead. Perhaps if Mr. MORLEY had remained Mr. O'BRIEN would not have run away, and perhaps Mr. SHEEHY would not have been despairingly driven to commit contempt of court and get seven days' imprisonment—a punishment, by the way, which, considering how frequently it has been earned without being inflicted in the course of the trial, might without impropriety, we think, have been forborne in this last instance. The Chairman observed that the Court "had allowed forbearance to degenerate into weakness," which is true; but committals for contempt of court should take place before this point is reached, or not at all.

To return to the CHIEF SECRETARY and his assailant, we may note further, in absolution of Mr. MORLEY from the suspicion of personal rancour, that the rash and inconsiderate character of his attack is in itself a testimony to its freedom from anything worse than petulance. Deliberate malice would have chosen its weapons with more discretion; and if Mr. MORLEY had really wished to damage Mr. BALFOUR, he would hardly have ridden a tilt at him in which a little forethought must have shown him the certainty of his being unhorsed. Anything more shockingly infelicitous than his selection of the two main points of attack on his successor has seldom occurred in political controversy. His opponent's reply to these two charges is described by their author as a *tu quoque*—a recondite piece of Latin which is very frequently on the lips of those Gladstonians whose logical training has not been carried far enough to enable them to perceive that the English party system necessarily elevates the *tu quoque* into the one most relevant and effective of all party arguments. Mr. MORLEY may be credited with understanding this, and of appreciating the real strength of a Minister's position who is able to show that his Ministerial conduct and Executive acts are amply covered by precedents in the records of his predecessors. Indeed, the late Chief Secretary shows his appreciation of this—in spite of his sneer at *tu quoques*—by his manifest anxiety to "distinguish" his policy and personal habits as an Irish Minister from that and those of Mr. BALFOUR. It

must be very disconcerting to him, however, to find himself so ill provided with the means of rejoinder as he appears to be, and we can hardly help suspecting that Mr. MORLEY now almost as sincerely regrets having attacked his successor for absenteeism, and for employing magistrates who have taken part in maintaining order to try the promoters of disorder, as he regrets having accompanied "the stripling" to Tipperary. When ex-Secretary A says to Secretary B, "Why, you are never in Ireland," and B replies, "Come, that's too good from you, who were only there five days," it is a little weak for A to rejoin indignantly, "That is a shamefully unfounded charge; I was there more than five days, though how many more I decline to say." Similarly, when reminded that, after a riot which was to the scuffle at Tipperary as a University "bear-fight" to a revolver "duel" in a Colorado bar-room, Mr. Ex-Secretary A employed the magistrates in command of the police to try the rioters, it is not very impressive for him to reply, "Oh! is that so? I will go and look up the facts. But in the meantime please to remember that I appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the riot." And it becomes still less impressive when a gentleman with an awkward memory writes to the newspapers to remind the public that one of the ex-Secretary's Commissioners severely condemned his conduct in allowing so long a time to elapse before the inquiry was instituted.

We need hardly say that we regard this point in the controversy between Mr. MORLEY and Mr. BALFOUR as far more important than any of the others. We do not pretend, of course, to be superior to a human feeling of curiosity as to the exact number of days which Mr. MORLEY did spend in Ireland during his term of office, and also as to whether he knew how many more than five they were altogether when he indignantly declared that even on his last visit to Ireland he was there longer than that. In other words, we should like—idly enough, it may be—to know exactly when it was that it dawned upon Mr. MORLEY that he had "put his foot in it" in taxing Mr. BALFOUR with absenteeism; and when he first knew, or whether he even knows now, exactly the depth to which he has thrust the foot by this singularly ill-considered accusation. We quite admit, however, that the dispute on this point is one of small importance. Neither need we greatly concern ourselves with Mr. MORLEY's excited account of the doings at Tipperary—natural enough even as to its hysterical inaccuracies from a sedate gentleman of studious habits, who suddenly finds himself in the thick of an Irish row—nor with Mr. BALFOUR's cool and destructive analysis of the account aforesaid. It was, indeed, hardly necessary for the CHIEF SECRETARY to demolish evidence to which no one acquainted with the witness, and able thereby to measure his capacity for calmly observing and correctly reporting a street-scrimmage got up in his honour, could ever have attached the slightest weight. And there was still less occasion, we think, for Mr. BALFOUR to pursue his adversary from the platform into the columns of the *Times*—least of all, for the purpose of pressing home a point which Mr. MORLEY is much too acute a disputant not to have apprehended from the first. We repeat that the really important question raised in the controversy, and the only one on which the CHIEF SECRETARY's refutation and exposure of his assailant was a work worth doing, was that involved in the charge of employing the same Irish magistrates in executive and judicial duties with respect to the same offences and offenders against the law. On this question we shall know more, perhaps, when Mr. MORLEY has had an opportunity of consulting the records of his official career; but we are even now in a position to conclude from his silence that Mr. BALFOUR's reply to him is tolerably complete, and that his ill-judged accusation has been the means of reminding the public what to an eyewitness of the terrible Belfast riots of 1886 has been well described as "the melancholy and blood-stained fiasco of his own attempt at administration."

BEECHAM'S CAREER.

MR. RICHARDSON EVANS, in the *National Review*, pleads for the creation of one more Society. So much the worse, the reader may be inclined to say in his haste, for MR. RICHARDSON EVANS. But he will not, if he is a person of sense and taste, adopt the Scotch minister's

modification of DAVID, and say it at his leisure, when he learns that Mr. EVANS's Society is one for the suppression of mural and celestial advertisements. Moreover, the new body, when it is formed, if indeed it be not formed already, will not be obtrusive, or self-congratulatory, or gregarious. It need not subscribe, it need not discourse, it need not even dine. It has only to wage war, separately and individually, by the legitimate weapons of argument and persuasion, against the accursed thing. Mr. EVANS preaches an eloquent sermon on the absurdity of the supposed connexion between ugliness and utility. Is an advertisement more emphatically to business what steam power is to commerce, if we may quote the vilest antithesis in the world, because it stands in the place where it ought not? There are two answers to this question as to most others. It may be urged that the object of advertisements is at all costs to attract notice, and that the attraction of repulsion is the most powerful of all. But there are ways of meeting this apparently serious obstacle. Suppose that during the period of shaving, erroneously believed by GEORGE ELIOT to be one of peculiar mental lucidity, a Londoner has enjoyed for some years, in the absence of fog, a clear view of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN's great dome, only inferior to BRUNELLESCHI'S. Suppose—and hypothesis, as Mr. BALFOUR has recently remarked, is unfettered by probability—that one fine morning, instead of St. Paul's, he sees O'MULLIGAN'S Irish Whisky—Warranted to Kill at Forty Rods—in gigantic letters across the sky. He may, of course, suddenly remember that he is out of that particular commodity, that he likes it when it will bear dilution, and that forty rods is a good distance. That is yielding to the promptings of evil, and encouraging the devastation of the modern Goth. Mr. EVANS counsels a higher and a nobler course. Let that man, he says in effect, resolve that, whatever whisky he drinks, it shall not be O'MULLIGAN'S, and let him exhort his friends to act upon the same determination. He might, perhaps, run some technical risk of involving himself in the meshes of conspiracy. But in that form of exclusive dealing he will have the general support of a law-abiding community.

Everybody knows, or ought to know, the picture of ROBINSON writing to the *Times*. It is one of Mr. DOYLE's happiest efforts, and stern self-complacency has seldom been better portrayed. But the worthy people who address indignant remonstrances to the public press against the flagrant offences of Mr. TOUTWELL or Messrs. PUFFAWAY promote in their innocence the enormities against which they contend. For, after all, posters and sky-signs must be paid for; whereas if one sinner should repent he obtains gratuitously the best advertisement of all. What is "Cow-hided Again," to say nothing of the physical suffering, compared with this sort of thing?—"Sir,—We have "read with painful interest, and with a sincere desire for "self-improvement, the admirable letter from *Facit Indignatio*, which appears in your columns this morning. "Had we conceived it possible that the inscription inviting purchasers for our excellent soap (as used by His "Royal Highness the Duke of CLARENCE and AVONDALE) "would interfere with the prospect from Highgate Hill, "we should never have dreamed of erecting it. The characters are only twenty feet long by three feet broad, "which may be called the minion of advertising. However, we are convinced that we were in error, and "the offending structure shall at once be removed. We are, sir, your obedient servants, O. K. BOGUS & Co., "makers of soap to the Royal Family, nobility, and higher "gentry, 70 St. Mary Axe, E.C. N.B. Cakes consigned "with punctuality and despatch. A pound of tea given "away in every twelfth packet." If it were permissible for mortal man to foretell the nature, and for a mere critic to speculate on the career, of Messrs. BOGUS, prophecy might busy itself in the reconstruction of the twenty-foot alphabet. Another protest, this time from HAMPSTEAD, and yet another withdrawal, accompanied by a still more unctuous apology. The heavens above us, and the walls around us, must be protected, if at all, by some less dovelike and more serpentine manoeuvre than a contribution to the literature of the silly season. Mr. EVANS, who is fertile in suggestions, could scarcely be expected to refrain from suggesting a tax. Unfortunately taxes are imposed in order to raise a revenue, and if this particular tax did not disappoint the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it must needs disappoint Mr. RICHARDSON EVANS. Advertisements may or may not be fitting objects of taxation; but no advertisements, no tax.

That pills should be advertised on bathing-machines may, perhaps, be regarded as a tolerable nuisance. A bathing-

machine is not beautiful in itself, although it sometimes contains beautiful objects. Sails are, as Mr. DILLON says in his idiomatic French, a different pair of sleeves. Few simple things are capable of affording more enjoyment to the eye than a brown sail, and brown sails give pleasure to thousands who do not know why they are pleased. Yet there also the defacing hand of the advertiser may be found. Indeed, it is difficult to escape any longer from a pest which haunts the smallest village as well as the largest town, which is equally conspicuous on the Pyramids and in the Underground Railway. There is a famous passage of CICERO in which the owner of the Tuscan villa describes the close companionship of books. They entertain one at home, says he; they go with one in one's travels; they share our season in town; they rusticate with us in the country; we enjoy their society both by day and by night. It may seem an exaggeration to say that advertisements follow us when we climb up into our beds; for they are harmless enough when they flutter on the counterpane from the pages of a magazine. But really that is almost the only refuge left. A distinguished foreign diplomatist who visited London some years ago deplored his inability to decide, or to promise any assistance in deciding, a very important question. Wherever he went he saw that two rival vendors of mustard each asserted his own condiment to be the best. On every other topic the diplomatist's English friends were able and anxious to enlighten him. On this they were evasive or dumb. Mr. EVANS is tolerant and sympathetic. He can admire long lines of warehouses. He becomes poetical on the beauties of railways. As he justly observes, the excuse that London is so bad that it cannot be made any worse breaks down under the test of examination. "It may be that, of the thousands of human beings who every hour stream across the bridges, those who have eyes to perceive and souls to feel are hardly to be reckoned by the score. I have even known persons who pretend to culture maintain seriously that the Surrey side is one long panorama of unmitigated and irredeemable ugliness. The multitude are subdued to the element in which fate has ordained that they shall live and move and have their being." So far Mr. EVANS, improving upon SHAKESPEARE, and arguing against himself. For, surely, if the mass of mankind do not care about beauty, there is no more to be said. No public action will be taken to gratify the aesthetic sense of a few superior persons.

This, indeed, is exactly what Mr. EVANS himself maintains in another part of his essay. He contends, with great force, that the average feeling of society is against disfigurement, and that outrages upon appearances are deeply, albeit too silently, resented. Unhappily, it is one more case of everybody's business. Posters and sky-signs, and pictures of hideous women with dyed hair, are an appeal to public opinion. They depend upon public approval and public disapproval would put an end to them. If it were known that a large number of people had bound themselves, with or without an oath, to deal with no one who resorted to these vile arts, there would very soon be a change for the better. Meantime, something might surely be done by investing County Councils and other local bodies with adequate powers. A man has no more right to push his own trade by destroying the pleasures of his neighbours than he has to block up their outlook with a dead wall, or to deafen their ears with a brass band. Mr. EVANS would go further, and "schedule" views, as Sir JOHN LUBROCK'S Act schedules ancient monuments. It is dangerous for reformers to excite ridicule, though they must sometimes run the risk. But it is difficult to think without a shudder of a factory or a hotel being run up on a conspicuous spot below Richmond Terrace (the Surrey, not the Whitehall one). Mr. EVANS puts his case with admirable moderation and good humour, affronting few prejudices, and treading on few corns. He welcomes modest effects from humble causes. "If every tourist who finds a pretty place spoiled," he says, "would only tell the innkeeper so, an appreciable benefit would result." One need not be a Socialist, except in the sense of the word which makes a Socialist of every one, to believe that the common interests and comfort of a great city should be protected from the restless and unscrupulous greed of enterprising tradesmen.

THE BAGAMOYO PROCLAMATION.

IT would be a pity if interest in home politics diverted attention from the very curious documents published on Thursday morning respecting the famous alleged proclamation of license in slave-dealing at Bagamoyo by the Germans last month. The German sense of humour, though undoubted and sometimes very strong, is peculiar and one-sided; nor are we quite sure that many Germans will fully perceive the humorous side of this matter. We ourselves are, we think, in a fair position to appreciate it; for, though Englishmen, we by no means belong to the rabid anti-slavery faction—it would, perhaps, be fairer to call it now tradition—which regards any countenance given to the institution as a direct giving place to the Devil. But the comedy of this incident would be the same to us if it had concerned the selling of cloves, or of white instead of black ivory. It should be observed that we have before us only the German, not the English, official statement; but Colonel EUAN SMITH could not put the matter more conveniently for our purpose than Dr. MICHAELLES and the *Reichsanzeiger* have put it already. A little history of it, with a few interspersed comments, will dispose of it better than any elaborate discussion.

This little history is divided by the Germans themselves into two parts. The first deals with the question How did the document ever come into existence at all? Why, thus. A certain SOLIMAN BEN NASR, "on his return from Europe," excogitated it to satisfy the demands of his countrymen, and submitted it to "the chief of the station." That was all. The chief of the station "deposited it among his papers" "without going further into the matter," and how it ever became public he does not know. SOLIMAN doesn't know: nobody knows. But it is surmised by grave and cunning German men that some wicked ones, wishing to create a prejudice against good Germany, stole it, and issued it as official. Very wicked were these men, no doubt. But what neither Dr. MICHAELLES, nor the *Reichsanzeiger*, nor anybody else, seems to have troubled themselves about is the question, How did the "chief of the station" come to deposit among his papers ("take to avizandum," a Scotchman might say) a scheme openly permitting and even recommending the slave-trade, instead of returning it to that wise SOLIMAN, and saying, "My good man, you must be mad. We can no more approve this, or anything like this, than we can fly"? Did not this unaccountable omission of his rather justify SOLIMAN, or somebody else, in thinking that the chief of the station was, if not *château qui parle*, at any rate *femme qui écoute*? But let us go on. On September 13 Colonel EUAN SMITH wrote privately to Dr. MICHAELLES enclosing the pretended proclamation, and requesting information whether it was genuine. Instead of at once replying that it was not, Dr. MICHAELLES let five days pass, and only answered at the end of those five days—a delay which he himself seems to have thought so awkward that he apologized for it on the score of certain mysterious inquiries. Of the subsequent, and on the part of Dr. MICHAELLES rather "huffy," correspondence on the subject of Colonel EUAN SMITH's refusal to give up the names of his informants without orders from headquarters, and to supply the name of the *Times*' Correspondent, under any circumstances, we need not say much. There will hardly be two opinions among Englishmen on these points—on the latter more especially. A quainter illustration of the peculiarity of German notions on the subject could hardly be produced than the request that an English Resident should supply a name of which he could have no official cognizance, and which, if he knew it unofficially, he could have no right officially to divulge. But that is a matter possessing no bearing on the general question, which is interesting and twofold. First, "How did that chief of the station come to receive and retain, without indeed approving it, but without disapproving or even commenting on it, such a compromising document as 'this sprout of SOLIMAN BEN NASR's brain'?" Secondly, "How did it come to take five days as between Zanzibar and Bagamoyo for an official to answer the plain question, 'Have you officially published this?'"

THE NIGHT SMELLS OF LONDON.

AT the last weekly meeting of the London County Council a petition was presented, signed by numerous residents in South Kensington, who complained of the objectionable smells arising, it is said, from factories erected in the district within the last few years. The matter was referred,

as is usual, to the consideration of the Sanitary Committee. This complaint of factories in the South Kensington district may, we fear, set some of the long-suffering inhabitants on a false scent. There may, of course, be new factories in the neighbourhood, each with its own new and original smell. But there is no possibility that any human nose, however sensitive, should confuse these smells with the smell that works in darkness, the indescribable stench, whose source is the refuse-consuming "brickfields," or the last new patent "destructor." Other smells there are, as irrelevant correspondents in the newspapers are eager to demonstrate. Some of these smells are ancient and fish-like, such as are to be expected in Billingsgate; and some are novel and disquieting, such as might try a dictionary-maker to define. But these odours are insignificant compared with the deadly nocturnal pest which, by a pleasing euphemism, is ascribed to the "brickfields." This week we have a fresh and abundant crop of complaints, with very little suggestion of remedy. It is comforting, perhaps, that Dr. GEORGE WYLD should be happy in assuring the inhabitants of Kensington that the smells do not come from the sewers. No one for a moment imagines that they do. The smell, the smell that beggars description, the smell that is far above sewers, comes, as Dr. WYLD rightly surmises, from the brickfields, where they burn the refuse of dust-bins. That it is "worst at night" may possibly be due, as Dr. WYLD suggests, to "the absence of the entangling action of our coal smoke." What this action is only a "scientist" could explain, and only a scientist could derive any consolation from the explanation. We prefer the simpler explanation that the stench prevails at night because of the common impression that illegal deeds may be more safely done in the darkness. Nor are the sufferers from this abominable nuisance greatly encouraged by the letter of the Rev. A. W. JEPHSON, whose account of the "destructor" set up by the City authorities is, however, very instructive, if a little belated. Mr. JEPHSON says he is advised that the law cannot be set in motion unless it can be proved that persons have been made ill by the smell. At Kensington, by the way, this kind of proof will be forthcoming when required. But, if the inhabitants of Blackfriars and Lambeth have not been poisoned outright, "doctors have sworn," Mr. JEPHSON adds, "that the smell retards the recovery of the patients" in the Waterloo Road Hospital. Mr. JEPHSON has complained much, and carried his complaints to officials of all sorts. He thinks that the answer of the Corporation, who have erected the destructor, is "complete as far as it goes." Any one who complains is shown the "scrupulous cleanliness of the yard," at the base of the chimney, where, of course, no smell can be detected. We fail to see in this "answer" any completeness whatever. It is a mere show, a making clean the outside of the platter.

Excepting on the principle that an inspector of nuisances is free to perpetuate nuisances, it cannot be conceded that Vestries and others charged with the sanitary control of a district can commit any nuisance they like, if only the nuisance be on a grand scale. Such, however, appears to be the view of not a few persons who complain of the disgusting night smell from the Kensington "brickfields." A correspondent in the *Standard* indicates a better road to action than is suggested by wails of helplessness and summonses to hold indignation meetings. He refers to summonses of another description, and shows that Vestries occasionally do their duty, as the Chiswick Vestry did when they prosecuted the owner of a brickfield, and obtained the necessary injunction. But what is a body—an individual body—to do when it is a corporate body that offends? This is the question that appears to perplex many who are eager to be up and doing. For them there is the County Council, whose powers, we imagine, are more than sufficient to grapple with the case. For the present, at least, the inhabitants of Kensington are left to endure the evil smell, as in the past. They may extract what comfort they can from the letter of Mr. A. E. FRANKLIN, who represents the Kensington Sanitary Aid Committee, whose attention has been for some time directed to the nuisance. The Kensington Vestry, according to Mr. FRANKLIN, state that they cannot obtain their costs if they prosecute; therefore, private funds and energy must do the work. From this statement it seems that the Kensington Vestry have determined to do nothing. And this conclusion—if, indeed, the Vestry know what person or persons should be prosecuted—is as intolerable as the nuisance itself.

FRANCE.

THE French Ministry and the majority of the Chamber—that is to say, a majority large enough for practical purposes, though hardly for honour—deserve praise for having begun the Session, which opened on Monday, well. The Ministry has made it quite clear that it does not intend to perpetuate disturbance by prosecuting the Boulangists, and the Chamber has refused to vote for the election of the Senate by universal suffrage. From these two acts the charitable onlooker may, without feeling too feebly benevolent, conclude that the Ministry does intend to devote itself to business which ought to be attended to, and that the Chamber is not as yet disposed to begin another series of political adventures. It requires, indeed, some little charity to see much merit in either decision. The Boulangists of all shades, degrees, and dates are doing the work of the Republic for it so briskly and effectually that it would be an act of extreme folly not to let them alone. Still the Republic has so completely accustomed the world to see it commit acts of extreme folly that even a moderate display of wisdom must be taken as a proof that it is on the upward path. To those whose preferences are for the monarchical form of government this might, under certain conditions, be an unwelcome spectacle. We do not think it need be in this case. The contest in France is not between a Republic and a genuine monarchy, but between parties who, whatever they may dub themselves, all alike appeal to the popular favour and vote. A monarchy which appeals to popular favour differs from a republic only in name and ornament. It is, therefore, possible for the most convinced monarchist to look at the fight with impartial indifference, or, if he leans to one side or the other, to prefer the party which is in office. It is not at all our interest, as things go, that an important neighbour should be disturbed by political charges which could only mean doubt and some degree of annoyance to us. No French Government can ever be really friendly to England; but this one has many motives to keep quiet, or at least to confine hostility to words and diplomatic obstinacy. A successor might very well have, or believe that it had, other interests.

The incidents which occurred on the opening day of the Session were sufficiently ridiculous. Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON must have felt themselves in congenial company when they heard the Boulangist deputies clamouring for a prosecution which they knew would never be undertaken. Very Irish-French was the fiery defiance of M. PAULIN MERVY, who demanded a thunderbolt because he had conspired and would continue to conspire. He might have studied in the school which has trained Mr. SIJAW LEFEVRE. The great French duel was not wanting, of course. MM. REINACH and DÉROULÈDE, the heroes of the encounter, will die (in their beds) without discovering how very absurd a duel is when one gentleman misses and the other gentleman's pistol misses fire. It is only less perfect than the historic duel in which one gentleman was wounded and the other fired in the air. The French duel was not the less funny because the gentleman whose pistol missed fire refused to stand another shot from the gentleman who missed. The circumstances which followed the (somewhat) meritorious rejection of the proposal to elect the Senate by universal suffrage have their touch of absurdity too. As soon as it was clear that the motion was beaten, thirty-six Republicans of the majority hurried to change their votes, which, by the rather amazing rules of the Chamber, they are allowed to do. They were willing to help to defeat a change of revolutionary appearances; but they were also anxious not to quarrel too thoroughly with the parties in favour of the scheme. So, having voted No, they at once rushed when it was clear that no immediate bad consequences would follow to vote Yes. The absurdity of this candid manœuvre is sufficiently obvious; but so is the importance of it as a proof of the unstable character of the new Chamber. There is a party in every Parliament which would like to vote always in this way; but it is very rarely so open in its gyrations as these six-and-thirty Republicans. These Messrs. Facing-both-ways may hold the balance any day in Paris, and if they do, what reliance can be placed on the stability of any Ministry or any institution?

TRADES-UNIONS.

UP to the time of the famous Docker demonstration the thought that the Trades-Unions might some day form into a federal body, with intent to enforce particular claims with all the weight of a general strike, disturbed nobody very much. From the London Dock strike, however, it appeared that combinations of this formidable kind might be attempted, though not, perhaps, for some years to come. One year has passed since then, and we are now promised an immediate "federation of labour" on the one side, and a corresponding federation of capital on the other.

Alarmed by the far too successful combination of the various kinds of labour employed in the shipping trade, and seeing, as we may all see, that submission to its capricious and outrageous tyranny means submission to ruin, the shipowners resolved to enter upon a common defence of their interests. Before any plans for the purpose had been definitely settled the attacking party announced that this unexpected "federation of capital" was to be met by a closer federation of labour. "The whole of the Trades-Unions which are in any degree, directly or indirectly, concerned with the shipping industry" are to combine under one directorate. Sailors, firemen, dock-labourers, wherrymen, miners, gas-stokers, coal-porters, bargemen, carters, and "other kindred trades" are to be represented in a Federal Council; and should any one of these trades become involved in a labour dispute, the Council may call upon the whole body to cease work in order to bring the employers to reason. The contrivers of this combination hope to extend its operations far beyond its immediate object—the regulation of the shipping business of the United Kingdom. It is, indeed, "regarded as only the initiative of a federation of labour throughout the universe"; but at present the intention simply is to federate the three millions of workers included in the Trades-Unions named above.

The announcement of this counter-move to the Shippers' Federation appeared on Monday. It was no news to the shippers, probably; and next day we were informed that, seeing how completely and irreparably such a labour combination might ruin their trade, they had all but determined on resorting to the most violent measures of reprisal at their command. On provocation, of course; and only if the systematic tyranny by which their trade is crippled goes on. "The members of the Shipping Federation find themselves rapidly driven to the necessity of taking the extreme course of ordering that every one of their ships in the United Kingdom shall be laid up till a more reasonable state of things can be brought about." These were the terms of an announcement which, alarming as it is, cannot have been quite unexpected. It was carefully stated that no decision had been taken. This was not what the shippers had resolved to do, but what they felt they would soon be driven to do; and, in view of that very probable obligation, consultation and inquiry at the various ports had been already set afoot.

This part of the story seems to be true, at any rate, and it may be all that is true. But that serious inquiry should be made into the practicability of stopping the whole shipping trade of the country for a time, as the only effectual means of coping with rapid and certain destruction, gives us quite enough to think about. Not long ago it could still be said with plausibility, as well as satisfaction, that we need not be in the least afraid that the British working-man would fail to understand his own interests. He might strike here or there, but he was perfectly well aware that no one would suffer more speedily or more sorely than himself by "driving trade out of the country"; and therefore he could be trusted not to carry his demands too far. This was always a mistake. That the working-man would abstain from pressing for the utmost wage and the most of leisure that could be forced from his employers, if he understood that work must become scarcer for himself in consequence, was a completely erroneous supposition. His whole way of life inclines him to make the most of to-day, leaving the future to those who have a discernible future before them; and now that a kind of philosophers teach him that what he squeezes from the capitalist will be no loss to trade, but only a diversion of excess profits which will equally be spent to the good of trade, the worker has less scruple than ever about fighting for all he can get. Therefore, we do not feel sure that the menaced action of the Shipping Federation will check the conspiracies of the Labour League in

the least. The leaders of the Labour party have doubtless observed that, no sooner had the counter-stroke of the shipowners been rumoured, than hasty assurances were volunteered that the matter had really gone no further than the stage of meditation ; and that no one could be justified in saying that so grave a step had been even formally discussed. With the exceeding confidence in their own power which the Unionists are amassing, they will probably take these deprecatory statements as evidence of "funk"; the shippers are frightened at the sound which they themselves have made. It will be extremely difficult to convince the leaders of the Labour revolt that the Shipping Federation will venture to go the length of "laying up every one of their ships in "every part of the United Kingdom"; and, even if the menace were credited, it is doubtful whether it would not be dared. We may depend upon it that there is joy for many a revoler in the thought of the tremendous commotion that would ensue if a certain body of capitalists were to open a war of industry that would distract half the trade of the country in one way or another. And yet what is to be done if the Labour Federation continue its present courses, which are not only grossly tyrannical in their effect on individuals, but steadily ruinous to a vast body of trade? The story of the way in which the Messrs. ALLAN were dealt with is fresh in memory; the *Ariadne* case has been well exposed, and the *Shipping Gazette* declares that it is a "typical case": "hundreds of similar ones are occurring all round "our coasts." If so, then it is certain that an organized system of oppression, which orders free men to work on no terms but those which are marked out for them, is surely destroying an important branch of trade already enfeebled by the competition of Continental ports. That the shipowners have a good right to meet strike-compulsion with tactics of a similar kind cannot be denied; nor can it be denied that unless they do take the course which they are said to be dreaming of, no means are likely to avail to save them from ruin. And yet not only the immediate consequences of laying up the ships in all the ports, but doubt of how far the conflict might extend or what shapes it might take, by no means command the prospect of defensive retaliation even to the boldest minds. One thing we can well believe—that "things are coming to a head," that "there must be a trial of strength before many "weeks are over." And it is a reasonable calculation that a sharp struggle now may be preferable to the endurance of ever-advancing encroachments, which, we must remember, will surely be applied to every industry in the United Kingdom before long if it is seen that the tyranny succeeds. But the Shipping Federation is well advised to exhaust every other remedy that can be invented, whether it promise to do little good or much, before it adopts the extreme course of stopping trade at all the ports. It should be publicly seen and thoroughly notorious that every other expedient has been tried before that one is resorted to. More particularly, the appeal for free labour, and the call upon the governing authorities to protect it, even by the free use of baton and bayonet (if we may venture to name such things as sometimes indispensable for the maintenance of liberty and law), must have proved palpably ineffectual.

ENGLAND AND PORTUGAL.

ENGLISHMEN have waited patiently enough for the Portuguese to settle their Ministerial crisis and decide what they will do, one way or the other, in the matter of the Convention. There are considerable inconveniences in the plan of submitting complicated agreements to the decision of popularly elected Assemblies. But in England, which has the doubtful honour of having invented the system, these inconveniences have at least been made as small as possible. If the Opposition, for instance, had mustered sufficient force to defeat the Heligoland Cession Bill, the Ministry would have gone out at once, and the incomers, whether they maintained the Anglo-German Agreement or not, would have signified their intention to Germany without the least delay. While Senhor HINZE RIBEIRO and Senhor MARTENS FERRAO and Général CHRYSOSTOMO D'ABREU Y SOUZA have been attempting to form Ministries and expressing opinions about the Convention, events have been going on fast in Africa itself. We do not know precisely yet what has happened in Manica Land. But every one who had attended to the

matter must have anticipated the Colonial contention, which was not formally announced till Wednesday. Mr. CECIL RHODES, it seems, in his double capacity as Premier of Cape Colony and business head of the British South African Company, protests that, as the Portuguese have not chosen to ratify the Convention, they are not entitled to benefit by their own misdeeds, and that the Company's agents are free to make what arrangements they can with the native chiefs and tribes in what is certainly not actually, and what the Portuguese do not care to take the trouble of registering by the means open to them as nominally, Portuguese territory. We say that this contention might easily have been anticipated; we will even add that there is no small plausibility in it. We do not, however, think that the English Government ought to admit it exactly as it stands. The very appearance of bullying or snatching ought to be avoided in reference to a bargain which, though we believe it to be not only fair, but exceedingly generous, toward the weaker party, is undoubtedly one between a weaker and a stronger.

But we do think that a time ought to be fixed, at the expiration of which, if Portugal does not choose to avail herself of the benefits of the Convention, matters will be allowed to take their course. What that course will be it is not hard to predict. The Portuguese may from time to time despatch expeditions like that which lately attacked the Makololo from Mozambique, and that which is now said to be on the point of attacking Bihé from Loanda; they may kill some natives, devastate some districts, capture and substitute some flags. But it is perfectly certain that they have neither the means, nor the energy, nor the colonizing skill really to occupy a twentieth part of the districts they claim, or even a very large part of those assigned to them by the Convention. On the other hand, accidents excepted, the stream of colonization which is setting northwards from the Cape is almost certain to continue to flow. If matters are left to themselves, there may or there may not be sanguinary encounters between the Cape adventurers and the Portuguese garrison; but, whether there are or not, no very long stretch of years will see Portugal restricted to far narrower limits than those which are at present offered her under the Convention. Add to this that, by General CHRYSOSTOMO's own avowal, there are financial as well as international matters which it is urgent to settle; and the folly, from the Portuguese points of view, of allowing things to slide should be sufficiently manifest. Englishmen need pay no attention to the Anglophobe splutter of some Continental journals, to the effect that the "selfish policy of "England" is "endangering the monarchical principle" in Portugal. But they are bound to pay some heed to the danger of such collisions as are above referred to, and to the very unfair restrictions sought to be imposed, with no return, on the enterprise of an English colony. Except in matters of form, there is no room for modification in the Convention itself.

MR. GLADSTONE IN MIDLOTHIAN.

THERE are reasons for thinking that Mr. GLADSTONE has almost entirely lost the power, never very conspicuous in him, of apportioning the matter of his oratory judiciously among its various subjects. On no other supposition would it be possible to explain the astonishing speech with which he opened the series of Midlothian performances, on Tuesday last, and dismayed and confounded even some of the most hopeful and faithful of his adherents. They expected, of course, that he would begin with Ireland, and they assumed that he would have something to say about Tipperary; but they never in their most desponding moments imagined that he would fill out an entire speech with these topics, that he would rehearse the ancient fables at such mercilessly tedious length, that he would descant for two stricken hours on such "far off, dead, unhappy things" as the conveyance of Mr. O'BRIEN through the railway station at Charleville, and such "battles long ago" as the Mitchelstown massacre. Yet so it was; and Mr. GLADSTONE's opening oration on Tuesday last is absolutely uncriticizable in consequence. The Edinburgh Corn Exchange can never have made acquaintance with such an unmixed mass of husks and chaff before. To review the discourse seriously would involve so wearisome a re-threshing of threshed-out controversy, so disgusting a re-hashing of thrice-boiled

colewort, that we absolutely decline the office, and propose to leave Mr. GLADSTONE's oratorical "progress" unnoted until he got as far as West Calder.

In his speech at the last-mentioned place, there was something more than Mitchelstown and Tipperary. There was not a little about the Eccles election, and more Gladstonian "fighting by the book of arithmetic," in which you need never be beaten; there was something childish enough, it is true, about party-names, and the wickedness of the party who do not want to repeal the Act of Union in calling themselves Unionists; and there was a little, though of a significant character, about the proposed method of dealing with the representation of Ireland under Mr. GLADSTONE'S newest new Disruption Scheme. His exposition on this point was a little confused by his confounding Mr. DILLON the elder, the "respected father of a highly respected son" (who will adapt the *matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior* formula to the expression of the increased loyalty of the son to the British Crown?), with Mr. THOMAS DAVIS, and mistaking Mr. DAVIS for a member of Parliament. But this, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, was "quite immaterial"—or, as Mr. Toots would say, "of no consequence"—and the point, the important point, is that somewhere, at some time, some Irish agitator, no matter who, considerably observed that he did not want the "raw Repeal of the Union," but was quite willing to consent to such a modification of it as would allow Ireland all the advantages both of local independence and Imperial representation. That is the important point, and whether Mr. DAVIS or Mr. DILLON or Mr. Anybody Else said it, Mr. GLADSTONE now recognizes it as inspired truth, and is quite prepared to subject the raw Repeal of the Union to cookery after this recipe in his next Home Rule Bill, and will serve it up to the next Parliament, with better hopes of its being relished. We have had something like this promise before on more than one occasion, but never before in such precise and definite terms. It is unnecessary, we should hope, to remind any one that the promise implies and involves a further undertaking to perform a feat which Mr. GLADSTONE has declared to be "beyond the wit of man" to accomplish; and his revised programme, therefore, will scarcely be complete until he supplements it—as, no doubt, he shortly will—with a plan for the achievement of the impossible. At the very point at which the announcement of such a plan would have most happily and opportunely come in Mr. GLADSTONE gave his hearers the tantalizing intimation "that he would not trouble them further to-day about Ireland," because he considered that that was not the purpose of the day's visit.

This purpose was, it appears, to discuss the condition of the labouring population, with special reference to proposals for the legislative limitation of the hours of labour. The subject, as everybody knows, and as the eminent gymnast's hearers were especially conscious, is a very ticklish one; and it is, perhaps, not surprising that he was a good long time in reaching it, and that he dallied a good deal on the way to it with such not strikingly relevant subjects as the Septennial Act and the "one man one vote" principle. There is no reason, however, why we should linger with him, for more, at least, than the moment required to note the happy phrase that it "is one of the aspirations of the Liberal party" to shorten the term of Parliaments. If he had substituted, or will allow us to substitute, the word "Opposition" for the word "party" in the above formula, we will admit it to give a precisely accurate account of the situation. When, however, we at last reach the Labour question and the Eight Hours Bill, we are thoroughly repaid for the time it has taken us to get there, for a more delightfully Gladstonian deliverance on the subject we do not remember to have met with. Mr. GLADSTONE, as we all know, has been much aggrieved by Mr. HOWARTH'S references to this subject. He thinks it very hard that, when he was talking about an Eight Hours Bill for miners only, he should have been directly or by implication charged with favouring an Eight Hours Bill for all trades alike. The former stands, he is now careful to insist, on a totally different footing from the latter. Though Mr. GLADSTONE is, he assures us, "not a miner"—was not even born in a mine, it would appear—he has been in a coal-pit a sufficient number of times to have the feeling that eight hours of every twenty-four are quite enough for "any human being to labour under such conditions." And, since his visits to coal-pits have naturally not inspired him with any particular feeling as to the way in which

the hours of labour should be limited to eight, he apparently thinks that this side of the question may be quietly ignored. The whole point at issue, the whole gist of the controversy concerns the question whether combination on the part of miners is not, or should not be, sufficient to secure any necessary limitation of hours, and whether it is just and wise to impose such limitation by statute. Mr. GLADSTONE has, of course, no opinion of his own and no counsel to give. He can be liberal enough of platitudinous generalities on the subject of self-help, and liberty, and so forth; but when it comes to a concrete question upon which votes will turn, and may be endangered by the pronouncement of a definite judgment, no such judgment is forthcoming. The matter is perfectly open for freer and more unprejudiced consideration.

Even on the crazy Socialistic project of an Eight Hours Bill applicable to all labour Mr. GLADSTONE could not bring himself to say one single courageous word. There was a certain parade, indeed, of firmness and decision about his statement on this subject; but it is found, when examined, to be the old time-serving formula a little disguised. "With respect to the Bill for restricting labour generally to eight hours, I will now say," said Mr. GLADSTONE, greatly daring, "that I do not give that Bill, and will not give such a Bill, however long I may live, any consideration until I see the Bill before me; for I have very grave doubts whether any man could put such a Bill into form." We have been aptly reminded that Mr. GLADSTONE used to say much the same thing about Home Rule in the days when Mr. BUTT was its advocate; and this very speech of last Thursday contains, as we have pointed out above, an undertaking to accept a political arrangement which "the wit of man" has been declared incapable of reducing to statutory form. There is nothing in this statement of Mr. GLADSTONE'S to prevent his conversion by the first fairly ingenious amateur Parliamentary draftsman who has mastered the tolerably well-known art of throwing mischievous and unworkable restrictions on private liberty into a plausible body of statutory technicalities. What does it matter whether a man could or could not "put such a Bill into form"? What would the social and industrial arrangements be like which it would create? And is Mr. GLADSTONE afraid to condemn them or not? That is the question which he evades, and which we might have been quite sure beforehand that he would not face.

WILD SURREY.

FEW capital cities command within a range of forty or fifty miles the large and varied wealth of natural beauty that is brought as it were to the doors of London in the hills, woods, and commons of Surrey. Newland's Corner, on the Guildford Downs, and Leith Hill, in which the southern spurs of the Dorking range culminate, are justly frequented points of vantage, not only affording extensive views, but approached in every direction through country not to be surpassed in attractiveness anywhere between the Thames and the Exe. And the main roads of Surrey are peopled with the cycling tribe in summer, and by no means desolate even in winter-time. For a general survey of the country the lines of these roads are by no means amiss. From London to Brighton eastward, to Horsham and Arundel or Midhurst and Chichester in the centre, or to Portsmouth going out on the western boundary, they run across the natural zones formed on either side of the range of chalk downs that stretch under various names from Farnham to Merstham and beyond, and again by the watershed of the Thames basin; and the traveller by any one of these routes may see, without quitting the high road, fair samples of the many kinds of Surrey scenery. Nevertheless, the cyclist, unless he alternates cycling with riding or walking, and all others who confine themselves to main roads, will have but inadequate notions of Surrey and its borderlands. English scenery is on a small scale, as we are reminded quite often enough; but the smallness has its compensations, and variety is one of them. Even among British scenery the features of Surrey are not of the first magnitude, and the richness of detail which redeems them from insignificance is not only peculiarly English, but peculiar in England. In these heather-covered wastes and abrupt wooded hills Ben Jonson's saying is fulfilled, "In small proportions we just beauties see." Picturesqueness, as distinct from sublimity, depends much more on relative than on absolute dimensions: and Leith Hill, with its scant thousand feet above the sea-level, dominates its landscape quite as effectually as many an Alpine group is dominated by peaks which the height of Leith Hill ten and twelve times multiplied would fall short of. Really great mountains, besides, are seldom seen at anything like their full stature; their roots are already in high ground, and two-thirds, or even one-half, of the sea-level height is commonly as much as can stand clear. Eng-

lish atmosphere, again, the atmosphere of our much reviled island climate, comes to our aid with its illusions. Every one who has walked in the Alps and in England knows how an eye trained in England underestimates Alpine distances, and, conversely, how an eye fresh from the Alps will exaggerate them here. On a fine, but slightly misty, winter's day, with snow lying, we have stood at Newland's Corner and seen St. Martha's Hill raised almost to Alpine rank, the intervening valley unfathomable by reason of the mist floating in it, and the peak emerging beyond at a distance, and consequently a height, which one might imagine almost anything one pleased.

Let none suppose, then, that the smallness of Surrey hills and valleys makes them of small account to the lover of nature. Certainly those who seek the more massive emotions by land or water must go elsewhere. There is nothing in Surrey to stir one to the same feelings as the Mont Blanc range or the Falls of Niagara, or even the Fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, which, we believe, Americans allow to be a creditable rapid for a second-class river. But then there is nothing of that scale in England. It is true that Surrey, along with the whole south-east region of our island, lacks visible water of even minor streams. By a characteristic accident, the best famed of Surrey rivers is the "sullen Mole that runneth underneath"; so has Milton's vacation exercise made it known to many who have never seen it, or perhaps asked where it might be. Thus the fame of the Mole consists precisely in not being seen. What constantly happens in the sandy soil in the western part of Surrey is that the waters one would expect to appear as a brook make no sign till one comes upon a chain of ponds, generally reduced to artificial definiteness and order, towards the lower end of the valley. Such ponds are grateful upon a near view, but, being commonly surrounded by woods, are seldom visible at any distance, and there are many that a traveller on the highroad would never see or suspect. But we shall have to make a good journey to the west before we are better off in this respect. In most parts of Kent the landscape is more waterless, if possible, though in other respects it has much more of the quality called "smiling" by our ancestors. On the east the wildness of Surrey shades off into the well-to-do and well-kept air of Kentish woods and parks, as on the south it passes even more gradually, and perhaps more harmoniously, into the rich rusticity of Sussex. Hampshire, on the other hand, is at its wildest along the Surrey boundary, from the dry sands of Aldershot to the meres and heaths of Woolmer Forest that seem to guard the fat hop lands of Selborne, and look westward at the steeps of the chalk hangers immortalized by Cobbett's rides. Concerning the county boundaries there are other matters of which we shall not treat, such as their meanderings and re-entering angles, and the straggling of parishes, and how the dogs of Surrey that adventure into Hampshire come back with woful tales of the land of slavery where there are muzzles; for these things do not belong to the present subject. But we may mention that in Woolmer Forest, and even well into the south-western corner of Surrey, the little black Hampshire pigs do not forget the laudable customs of the New Forest, and run about alone with no small cheerfulness and independence.

Surrey is most itself, perhaps, in the central region to the south of the Guildford Downs. It would be hard to make out a finer drive of equal length than can be made from Guildford, round Leith Hill, to Dorking. The road comes out on Merrow Downs at Newland's Corner, and the view opens all at once on St. Martha's Chapel in front, and to the right, over Godalming and the towers of Charterhouse, the crest of Hind Head, and the still more distant mass of Blackdown; to the left a complicated system of ridges and folds leads up to Ewhurst Mill, a solitary landmark which is apt to baffle the pedestrian by becoming invisible as he nears it. Descending into the valley, one goes past pretty bits of village and farm, and here not unrefreshed by a stream, and turns off by way of Abinger to the noble Scotch firs of Parkhurst, till Leith Hill discloses its tower, masked up to the last moment by the woods and the slope of the ground. It is a drive of admirable variety, combining the grace of unspoilt English country with Alpine perfumes and the spaciousness of airy heights. And yet those who drive have seen only half. The walk from Guildford over the downs to Newland's Corner is clear gain, for the driving road has next to nothing to show so far; and the downs, if one follows the ridge eastward, offer endless variations and by-ways. There are charming glades and thickets, and little sheltered clearings that invite mid-day rest; only let no traveller leave paper littering about, as he is a true man and fears the woodland gods. It is good to continue the high-level route (let unbending mountaineers laugh or frown as they will) to Ranmore Common, and to allow a good margin of time for rambling. How to lose the way in a strictly limited space is a thing excellently demonstrated by Surrey woods if one will fall in with their humour. From Leith Hill, too, the walker has his choice of ways, including a delectable field-path right into Dorking, which may be found with little pains by those who deserve to find it.

Beyond these downs to the east it must be confessed that one begins to doubt of being in pure country. The roads are too trim, and the telegraph posts too thickly set, and there is a smell of County Council in the air, and Croydon seems an aggressive outpost of Cockneydom, watching the poor honest tramp, like the demon in one of Lord Lytton's poems, to "catch him, with long fingers, by the head." And yet there is not always

the more sun and air the further we go from London. We have known a day when a bank of sea-fog rolled up to the south face of the downs as far north as Merstham, and lay steadily against them, and we were glad to find clear sunshine in the Caterham valley.

Guildford and Godalming are as typical Surrey towns as they are central. Both are of name as ancient as the Domesday survey, and both have marks of respectable antiquity to show. Guildford must have the pre-eminence as a model country town exhibiting a little epitome of English history. The decayed Castle, now made the keep of nothing more warlike than a pleasure-ground, bears witness to the middle ages, and the alliance of Humanists and English reformers has left its mark in the Grammar School; while the Anglicanism of the seventeenth century, not yet embittered by the Civil War, is represented by the pleasant little red-brick college—for it is by constitution a true college—of Abbot's Hospital. Modern buildings there are, as must be; but there is grave offence in none, and a good deal of merit in some. Moreover, the town is well furnished with both churches and inns, and the inns are good. Nature and man have done well by Guildford in equipping it as a centre for excursions. But the pure pedestrian will perhaps think still better of Godalming, which offers a singular variety of routes. One is within easy reach alike of the chalk downs to the north and the more interrupted hills of the greensand to the south, where, below the holies and pine-woods of the summits, lanes wind out into the weald, fringed by ancient beeches with mighty spreading roots that have knit the deep-cut banks into natural walls. These hills overlook a region of cope and wood, still thick enough for villages to lie concealed in it. Or, striking west from Godalming, we may pass either along the ridge now crowned by Charterhouse, or in the sheltered valley beneath, and contrast the fine landscape gardening of Peperharow with the wild commons that, not far beyond, stretch without a break to the Frensham Ponds and the Devil's Jumps, with the mystery of whose number, added to that of the flukes in a rotten sheep's liver, and others not less potent, Cobbett demolished the Unitarians to his own satisfaction. These commons were swept a few years ago by a great fire, which has left the soil still black. They offer the most complete solitude that can be found within forty miles of London, being surrounded only by small villages.

We may be thought to be looking back to enjoyments and opportunities that are fled with the summer. But the more one sees of English country, the more one comes to understand that no season is without its charms expected and unexpected. If the days are short, we can in this country make our walk short and yet various. Like the smallness of our scenery, the fickleness of our climate brings its own compensation. We may have cold showers in August, but we may also have spring-like days in January. Close on the new year we have sat out on the Surrey hills basking in warm sunshine, looking down on the dense mist that filled up the valleys to within a hundred feet of us; and by a happy coincidence of light and mist-level we have seen, about the same time of year, a very fair Brocken spectre. The bleakness of the approaching winter is tempered by the warm colours that linger in heather and bracken, sensibly touched with the scarlet of the turning whortleberry leaves; and the south-west gales are made half welcome by the whiff of salt that comes up on them from the Channel. And the sky is always with us, our insular sky, jealous of its beauties, but full of swift surprises when it displays itself. A sunset over the South Downs, or the changing march of sunshine and shower across the Surrey weald, may teach one better than any critic how true to nature was the vision of Turner and of Constable. We may fall, certainly, on days of monotonous dull cloud, which have their virtue, too, for painters and Anglo-Indians. Did not Anson's sailors, coming up from tropical heat, hail the "cheerful grey sky" that hangs on the flank of the Andes? And when the wind is in the north-east, it is no fault of Surrey that the natural vices thereof are aggravated by London smoke. That one black wind excepted, atmosphere and colour are never wanting in the wilds of Surrey. We have brought an Italian friend to admit, after a course of rambles in the southern part of the county, that English air is not incapable of the Italian blue.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

A SERIES of seven concerts, the programmes of which are principally made up of such familiar works as *Judas Maccabaeus*, *Elijah*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony and "Hear my Prayer," and the second act of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, cannot be said to constitute a Festival of much interest to any but local amateurs. Even the less-known works performed last week at Norwich were not particularly well chosen. Schütz's *Lamentatio Davidi*, for bass solo, four trombones, and organ, stood alone as the representative of music before Handel, while living English composers were represented by Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, Dr. Mackenzie's *Dream of Jubal* and incidental music to *Ravenswood*, Mr. MacCunn's *Ship o' the Fiend*, and Mr. German's *Richard III*. Overture, none of which, however great their merits, can lay claim to being considered as novelties. The only programme of

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real interest was that of Wednesday morning's concert, when the one new work of the Festival, Dr. Hubert Parry's setting of Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, was produced. It may probably be said that it was a daring experiment for Dr. Parry to select words which had already been made use of by Handel; but the style of the two composers is so totally different that the experiment was warranted. Handel, assisted by the ingenious Mr. Jennens, treated Milton's words with scant reverence, and twisted them about in a fashion which would not be tolerable nowadays. Moreover, he thought it necessary to add a third part, "Il Moderato," in order to bring the work to an effective ending. Dealt with in this manner, the poems presented but little difficulty to the composer, who found in them sufficient material for the usual string of airs and choruses which constituted a Cantata or Oratorio in those days. Dr. Parry's method is very different; with him, as with all the best composers of the modern school, the poem is the source of his inspiration, and to illustrate the poet's meaning is evidently his chief aim and endeavour. The difficulties which this system entails are obvious, especially when the words (as in the present case) have not been primarily intended for musical setting. Without entering into a detailed analysis of the work it would be impossible to explain how Dr. Parry has set himself to overcome the obstacles in his way. As to his success there can be no doubt. The happy combination of true English melody, the melody of the schools of Purcell and Arne, with the breadth and force of the German masters of the present day, a combination which first became marked in the composer's *Judith*, still characterizes every bar of *L'Allegro*. The work is laid out for chorus, orchestra, and soprano and bass solos, and though apparently simple in structure, it makes considerable demands upon all the executants. To the soprano are given a succession of solos representing the character of Mirth, while the solos of *Il Penseroso* are given to the male voice. The choral numbers, which form the most important part of the work, contain some of the composer's happiest effects. Nothing could well be better than the settings of the lines descriptive of sleep, beginning "And when the sun begins to fling," or of the concluding portion, "But let my due feet never fail"; both are admirable alike for breadth of melody and feeling; and almost equally good are the soprano solo and chorus, "Haste thee, nymph," in which the composer has successfully held his ground against one of the few numbers of Handel's work which are still popular. It would be easy to point out many other passages of great interest. Even at a first hearing, the loving care which had been bestowed upon the setting of Milton's words was most apparent, and an examination of the pianoforte score shows that in no work has Dr. Parry taken more pains to attain that marriage of music and poetry which the poet sang. It speaks very highly for his powers that such a result should have been attained without sacrifice of the general breadth of the effect; but, though the latter quality will undoubtedly appeal most to the general public, it is as a musical illustration of Milton's poems that Dr. Parry's new Cantata will have most value to the musician. As such it must be regarded as little short of a masterpiece. The performance at Norwich was in almost every respect excellent. The chief honours lay with the chorus and orchestra; the soprano solos were sung by Miss Macintyre, whose beautiful high notes almost atoned for her extremely faulty enunciation. In ordinary librettos the words are sometimes best not heard; but with Milton no syllable can be spared, and it was a serious drawback to hear the mispronunciations and incoherent utterances of which Miss Macintyre was guilty. Mr. Alec Marsh, who sang the bass part, is chiefly known as a light opera singer. At the last Norwich Festival he achieved considerable success in Signor Mancinelli's *Iseas*, but unfortunately since then has devoted himself to a very different style of composition. The result was apparent, not only in *L'Allegro*, but throughout all the performances in which he took part. It is not too late for the faults of style which he displayed to be remedied, and it is to be hoped that he will benefit by the unanimous criticisms which his performances last week elicited; for it would be a great pity if a singer who in many ways is so promising should spoil his prospects by continuing in a mistaken course.

The other soloists who were heard at the Festival were Mmes. Nordica, Lehmann, Damian and McKenzie, and Messrs. E. Lloyd, M. Humphreys, B. Davies, F. Novara, and Brockbank. The singing of Mme. Nordica and Mr. Henschel on Friday evening in the second act of the *Flying Dutchman* was one of the events of the week, and they were ably supported by Miss McKenzie as Mary, Mr. Novara as Daland, and Mr. Davies as Eric. The American soprano was less well suited in the soprano music of *Elijah*, to which her pronounced operatic style is hardly fitted. The same remarks apply to Mr. Marsh's singing of the part of the Prophet, the scene with the Widow (Mme. Nordica) being given as if it were a love-duet. Far better was his performance in the scene with the prophets of Baal, in which he showed that he may still attain a high position as an oratorio-singer. Besides taking the solos in *L'Allegro*, Miss Macintyre was heard in the *Dream of Jubal* and *The Martyr of Antioch*, in both of which works Mr. Edward Lloyd sang with his usual power and excellence. Miss Liza Lehmann, who in London is almost entirely known as a singer of *Lieder* and ballads, invested some of the minor solos in *Judas Maccabeus* with an unusual degree of interest. She also gave an admirable performance of the solo in Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," besides taking part in *Elijah*,

and in the two miscellaneous concerts, in the second of which she introduced a charming song by Francis Thomas, which had been orchestrated by the composer for the occasion. The choral singing throughout the whole week deserves high praise. It has been the fashion to speak contemptuously of Norwich choruses; but if they were always as good as that of the Festival which has just concluded there would be but little cause for fault-finding. The tenors were perhaps a trifle weak, but the general body of voices had been excellently trained by Dr. H. Hill, the chorus master, and the singing was marked by correctness, spirit, and refinement. The orchestra was led by Mr. Gilbert Betjeman, and conducted, with all his accustomed ability, by Signor Randegger.

Looking at the Festival as a whole, though the general standard of the performances has been high, it cannot be said to have been of much value to art. English musicians are practically dependent upon country festivals for the production of new works, and though the Committee at Norwich must be commended for bringing forward Dr. Hubert Parry's Cantata, it might surely have been possible to obtain some other novelties as well, not devote two evenings to the very miscellaneous concerts given on the 16th and 17th. A new work, for which a commission had been given to Mr. Hamish MacCunn, could not be got ready in time; but there are many other young composers who deserve a hearing, even if nothing could be obtained from musicians of the first rank.

POWER AND POVERTY.

WE are every day reminded that in this country the power is in the hands of the working classes, and that a considerable section of them is dissatisfied with their economic condition. What we experience now in England is what has happened in all other countries when democratic institutions have been precipitated. Political power is placed in the hands of classes who are as ignorant how to use it as they are determined to use it to their own advantage. We deplore their ignorance, though we cannot condemn their aim. One object of government is to further the happiness of the people; and, if the solidarity of all classes be thoroughly borne in mind, nothing could be better for the whole nation than that the interests of the workers should be furthered. But, unfortunately, it is not among the ranks of our sturdy artisans that geniuses can be found able to cope with the many economic and social problems which are pressing forward from all sides. In this respect the Gladstonians have been disappointed; for their opinion always was that the extension of the franchise would supply the solution of those questions which had proved too tough for their leaders. Unable to frame special measures that should realize their hopes, our working classes seem to have made up their mind that Parliament ought to make them happy and comfortable, and they evidently intend to make Parliament unhappy and uncomfortable until it does so. In fact, the protective spirit which has so dragged down the Continental nations has invaded our country. Self-reliance seems gone, and every effort towards improvement, all initiative, are expected from Government. The Government is called upon to supply work, to build dwellings for artisans, to educate the children, to superintend our drinking, and to protect the gambler's purse. When anything untoward happens there are always scores of wisecracks ready to cry out for Government to interfere. The worst feature of the situation is that candidates for Parliament and would-be popular leaders, strongly imbued with the prevalent protective spirit, are eager to achieve a cheap popularity by outbidding each other in their advocacy of Socialistic measures. The Radicals unblushingly confess themselves Socialists; and, if we examine their programme, it is clear enough that complete Socialism is the final goal they strive for. Were it not so it would be absurd in them to describe their measures as progressive. Unfortunately there are men even among the Conservative ranks who, either from want of reasoning power or by way of expediency, join in the cry for State Socialism. And as honest and patriotic resistance to the popular tendency is by demagogues and Socialistic leaders branded as want of patriotism and enmity to the people, it is very certain that, what with the vigorous advocacy on the part of the many and the feeble stand made by the few, Socialism threatens soon to be within the range of practical politics.

It is, therefore, time to look the impending danger in the face. For we take for granted that all who have realized for themselves what Socialism really means understand that it is a danger, not only to our Empire, but to civilization. There was a time when Socialism was the mere stock-in-trade of the Sunday street orator, and when precautions against its spread would have only given it a prestige which it then utterly lacked. But now, when it is fast becoming the dream of the working classes, the programme of a reckless faction, the religion of cultured enthusiasts, and the earthly paradise of popular poets, it would be worse than folly if our statesmen were to ignore this modern craze. But it is imperative to bear in mind that it is not by the agitation of street Socialists that the growth of Socialism is to be gauged. Their influence rises or falls with the success or failure of strikes. The real danger lies in the feverish competition between the two parties in furthering State-Socialistic legislation, or, in other words, the introduction of hosts of Acts, every one of which in-

terferes in a more or less degree with the liberty of the individual, and tends to fasten all responsibility on Government. During the last ten years more than three hundred such enactments have been passed, and many of these compel further legislation of the same dangerous order. Thus, for instance, having State-regulated the size of the rooms in houses, the rooms become too expensive for one family, and instead of having one family in one small room, three or four families are crammed into one large one. Having thus interfered once in the matter of dwellings, we must proceed further, and establish nightly inspections of every room, or stand accused of having made matters worse than they were before. Before long we shall feel compelled to have recourse to State-built and State-managed dwellings, and, consequently, one step alone in the wrong direction brings us close up to Socialism. There are signs of the same retrogression towards State despotism and slavery in our legislation with regard to schools, factories, shipping, mines, railways, banks, provident societies, and many kinds of trades and institutions. In this way we are rapidly retrograding at a mathematical ratio towards the patriarchal forms of government, from which our civilization emerged under such tremendous difficulties.

The task of staying this insidious growth of Socialism, so to say, smuggled in amongst us under the cloak of grandmotherly legislation, naturally and necessarily falls to the Unionist party. But to do this more energy is needed than has been expended hitherto. Foreigners tell us that our taciturnity and extreme reserve render us poor propagandists; and the result is that classes, and even whole nations, such as Ireland and India, whom we strive our utmost to benefit, do not understand us. Englishmen, it is said, when sure of the purity of their motives, and when engaged in a good cause, will display any amount of activity and coolly risk their lives; but, despising talk, they will work on silently and expect to be judged by their actions. If this be true of English character in general, it is certainly specially true of Conservative Englishmen. The majority of Unionists are the sincerest well-wishers of the working classes, and they adhere to Unionist principles because of their faith that such principles alone will lead all classes of the nation to progress and prosperity. But the majority have a natural reluctance to parade their good intentions, and they are, moreover, under this difficulty in their conflict with the Gladstonians, that the best political measures are not easy to understand, while Socialistic quackeries, in reality disastrous to the whole working class, appear on the surface as desirable reforms. In the times we live this party disadvantage should be an extra incentive to activity and outspokenness. The individual Unionists, and especially the Cabinet, should strenuously aim at throwing a vivid light upon the various questions of the day. The fallacious nature of Socialism should be mercilessly exposed; the mauldin dreams of the Utopians who strive to subject the working-man to State tyranny should be scattered to the wind; the great truth that no reform represents progress unless it promotes and secures individual liberty should be clearly established; and the Unionist policy in general should be lucidly expounded.

But the indispensable condition for success is an intelligent, clear, and practical programme. There are a dozen fallacies, each of which would furnish a telling cry to irresponsible Radicals—such as land nationalization, national workshops, State-owned railways, State-regulated working hours, State-managed emigration, &c. But the Unionist party, whose aim is higher than the placing of a ring of men in power, can only adopt such measures as constitute a real solution of the problems before us. The first duty of Unionist statesmen is, therefore, to agree about such remedies for genuine grievances and such reforms as will gratify legitimate aspirations. This may involve the untying of hard knots and a difficult selection between proposed solutions of the labour problem. The very fact that the Government made such attempts would secure their popularity with all thinking men. Above all things, the intelligence of the working classes should not be underrated.

Our difficulty is, that masses of the people who hold the power demand a larger share of the wealth which this Empire is reputed to possess and is capable of producing. The working classes are not guilty of any foolish demand to appropriate existing wealth. What they want is to participate more fully in the wealth they are instrumental in producing. That their desire, a natural one enough, is not beyond realization becomes manifest when we take a general view of the question based on first principles. On the one hand, more wealth in the possession of the workers is the very thing to benefit trade, industry, employers, and capitalists. It would transform our country into what we so much want—market for our goods. On the other hand, we find that the fundamental cause of discontent among the working classes lies in the excess of labourers over the demand. It is this disproportion which creates the intense competition among themselves, gives to the sweater his opportunity, lowers wages, reduces the consuming power of the people, curtails trade, produces apparent over-production, and drives the people into combative and exclusive Trade-Unions in the hope of monopolizing the meagre opportunities of labour. Were it not for this scarcity of labour, Trade-Unions would soon lose their antagonistic and Socialistic character, and their mission would become provident, co-operative, and productive. Besides, the want of lucrative labour and the competitive system are the sole *raison d'être* of Socialistic preachings. And the excess in the supply of labour over the demand—the root of all our evils—is not natural. It is, in fact, the great anomaly of

our age. Do what we will we cannot get over the postulate of the economists—namely, that wealth is accumulated labour. Why, then, is there a halting demand for what creates wealth, when the demand for wealth is more intense than ever? Is there a lack of raw material? Far from it. Our colonies contain an incalculable supply of latent wealth so far only superficially explored. Communication has been brought to a high pitch of perfection, yet the workers are not called upon to transform that raw material into wealth. All this points to the fact that the obstacle which stands in the way of labour is artificial. So far all economic creeds and all political sects agree. They differ only about the nature of the obstacle, and consequently as to the means by which it should be removed. Some Gladstonians—deserters from the Cobden school—say that individual freedom cannot do it; it must be given up, we must go back to the expediency of the ancient empires, and adopt compulsory work under Government—in other words, we must have a Government-supervised division of labour. The bi-metallists say we must retain division of labour through free exchanges, but reform and expand our mediums of exchange. The Henry Georgists affirm that if the land was possessed by the State there would be no scarcity of labour. The advocates of Free-trade in Capital assert that opportunities of labour are scarce because modern labour cannot be performed without capital, that capital and labour are divorced through the prohibition of capital-distributing banks, the true mechanism for exchanges and the natural channels of co-operation between capital and labour.

The solutions so far proposed may be divided into two groups—the socialistic and the economic. It should not be difficult, for any one who takes the pains to study the subject, to show that State-managed work and State-managed supplies would give rise to evils incomparably graver than those we have now. The proposed economic remedies should be thoroughly investigated, and, if found defective, new propositions should be encouraged. By pursuing this course the Unionists will convince the nation—at least all that is best and most intelligent in it—that their aims are above mere party politics, and that they are bent on securing the highest good to the country; they would cut away the ground from under the feet of the professional agitator, and arrest the rising tide of Socialism and anarchy. Should it be found after thorough investigation that no economic remedy can be discovered capable of bringing about prosperity and contentment among the working classes, and that we must trust to slow and gradual progress as hitherto, the nation would then, no doubt, empower the great Unionist party to maintain order, protect liberty, and save the people from Socialistic slavery and degradation.

CAVALRY RAIDS.

CAVALRY is much in people's mouths just now, and the "arme blanche" seems likely to enjoy its own again. Time was—not so long ago either—when its value on a modern field of battle was supposed to have disappeared; but when the German manœuvres began to show how it might be handled, even in large masses, during the crisis of an engagement, it began again to hold up its head, and has come in for so much notice that there now are even indications of a jealous feeling towards it on the part of the infantry. It needs no great acumen to discover that if both sides in a campaign shroud the movements of their forces behind the orthodox veil of horsemen, one side or other will soon rush in to tear that veil aside, and must then be opposed in equal force, if what is in rear is to remain concealed. Cavalry collisions on a large scale are, therefore, sure to occur in front of the opposing armies in any future campaign on the Continent, and in them the dragoon may still look forward to opportunities for displaying his dash and training as of old. His admirers are confident that later on, too, in the surges of the fight he will be as indispensable as ever, even though an opening for him may not so frequently crop up as in the days when the decision of the action frequently rested with him. Without stopping to enter into any controversy on this part of the question, we may, however, say that we believe that the earliest and most congenial rôle of the trooper, the sudden raid or foray, has certainly not become obsolete. The leader of horse—born, like the poet, and not made—has ever had a spice of the freebooter in his composition, and a strong dash of the gambler, too, if he were ever to snatch success from fortune. An enterprising cavalry hanging on the enemy's flanks and rear, and cutting in swiftly as fleeting occasion offers on his communications, will go far to change the aspect of a campaign; and the mischief that may be done in this way has rather been increased than diminished by our modern civilization. Telegraphs and lines of rail have come to be looked upon as almost indispensable to the existence of an army of today; and a few resolute and skilful hands and half a dozen pounds of gunpowder will suffice to place such adjuncts *hors de combat*, at any rate for some time. Supplies and stores may be captured when in a railway truck as easily as in a country cart, and their loss will be as unpleasantly felt as ever by the troops in front. The very latest European war supplies an instance of such a raid, although it was not undertaken without infantry, in the dashing reconnaissance across the Balkans effected by General Gourko in July 1878, when he carried disarray into the heart of Turkey, destroyed parts of the railroad

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and telegraph on the principal lines, and gained a great deal of information as to the Turkish movements. The foot soldiers he was obliged to take with him naturally imposed a drag on the rapidity of his movements, and it is probable that he would have gladly exchanged them for mounted infantry. The composition of a cavalry division in our service seems to render it peculiarly fitted for such enterprises, and gives it considerable defensive power without unduly fettering its freedom of movement. Such a body, should we ever have to take part again in civilized warfare, would usually be formed of two brigades of cavalry, with four machine guns, two batteries of Horse Artillery, and one battalion of mounted infantry, which would have two machine-guns attached to it. A force so composed should, under an energetic and skilful leader, be equal to almost any emergency, and need look for little extraneous assistance or support. What would not Hodson have done with a weapon of such strength and pliability? and what did not the Confederate General of horse, J. E. B. Stuart, accomplish with a far less efficient one? For, brilliant as have been the exploits of cavalry soldiers, nothing perhaps has surpassed the feats of that "gallant prop of the South."

The story of his raid in front of Richmond in 1862 still figures as the brightest example of what calculated audacity may accomplish even in modern war. The Federal army in June of that year regarded the fall of Richmond as so certain, and their own part as so thoroughly an offensive one alone, that any attempt at attack on the part of the enemy, excepting directly from the front, was totally unexpected. The line of rail connecting their camp with the White House was allowed to remain almost unguarded, and only a small force was left to watch their depots on the Pamunkey. In war it is the unexpected which always happens, and so it was in this case; for on the 12th of June General Stuart got together 1,200 of his cavalry and a couple of guns, and, stealing out along the Richmond and Fredericksburg railway, bivouacked that evening at Hanover Court-House, twenty-two miles to the front. The object of the expedition was kept a profound secret, and was known to General Stuart alone. No trumpet sounded, the men crept silently to sleep, and the little band passed the night thus crouched in the forest beneath the very eyes of the Federal pickets. During the night Stuart took into his confidence his three most trusted officers, and at daybreak the troops were under arms and on the road to Hanover Court-house. Here they encountered, first a small, and then a formidable, body of the enemy's cavalry, quickly routed both, burnt their camp, and captured some of their horses. A smaller man might have remained satisfied with what had already been accomplished, and would have made for home the way he came. The boldest is often the safest course, however, and Stuart seized the idea of taking his opponents by surprise, and marching round the rear of their entire army. Taking precautions to mislead them ere he started, he turned his horse's head towards Turnstall's Station, and kept steadily on. A squadron was detached near Gullick's Landing on the Pamunkey to burn the stores and whatever ships might be lying there, and another, well led by his two aides-de-camp, was thrown forward, and succeeded in cutting the telegraph and capturing the small guard at the station. While they were busy obstructing the line of rail the train which connected the besieging army with its base was seen approaching. Putting on full steam, the engineer disregarded the call to surrender, the engine brushed aside the incomplete obstructions, and the train, rushing through a volley of musketry, succeeded in escaping to the White House and giving the alarm. But the main body of Stuart's horse had had better luck. They succeeded in capturing a large train of some forty wagons and several prisoners, and likewise burnt a railway bridge. Finally, to make the romance complete, they rested at a sutler's stores. He willingly offered them his hospitality, and was intensely mortified when he discovered as they rode away whom he had been entertaining. About midnight they started again for home, and made for the Chickahominy, which they endeavoured to ford near a broken bridge. The water, however, was too deep, and a bridge had swiftly to be constructed with whatever material was at hand. The difficulties and risk of such an undertaking were immense, for the Federal cavalry were on their track, and the men laboured in momentary expectation of an attack. At length, partly by swimming and partly by means of the crazy structure, the freebooters and their prisoners crossed the stream, and two days after they had left Richmond re-entered the city with 165 prisoners and upwards of 200 horses and mules, besides having destroyed a large amount of stores, and acquired a knowledge of the country and of the position of the enemy's forces. And all this had been accomplished within forty-eight hours, and with the loss of only one man! Well might the citizens be proud of Stuart, and well may the American army cherish the memory of his ride as one of the most dashing deeds which the annals of war record. And, adventurous as it was, it is by no means to be classed amongst mad escapades, which, however magnificent, are not to be regarded as war. Stuart himself has given similar examples of what cool audacity may be equal to; so, too, did Sheridan when he passed behind Lee, played havoc amongst that general's line of railway communications, destroyed the depots in his rear, routed Stuart's cavalry, and killed their gallant chief. What has been done we may rest assured will again be accomplished, and future leaders will not shrink from enterprises such as their predecessors undertook.

It may be that we shall never witness again a Murat charging at the head of seventy squadrons, as the young German Emperor

is said to have done, to the satisfaction of the umpires, at the German manoeuvres a year ago. It may be that the feats of a Seydlitz on the battlefield will never again be equalled, and that, if shock tactics are resorted to, it must be only in exceptional cases when the price that will infallibly be paid is not considered too excessive to attain the object in view. Nevertheless, apart from scouting duties, the intrepid cavalry leader will find openings in raids and forays; such as we have described, when his arm may again assert its value. But similar rapid dashes may likewise be possible even during the progress of a great battle, and, if skilfully conducted, will not necessarily involve an extreme sacrifice on the part of the horsemen. The question how the flanks of a long loose line of attack are to be protected continually crops up, and has as yet received no satisfactory solution. Here lies the weakness of infantry and the opportunity of the cavalry. A young active man endowed with quickness, decision, and knowledge of ground, at the head of a comparatively small body of men, may often find occasions for a sudden swoop from behind cover, and may throw into confusion, and at any rate delay, the advance of foot-soldiers, whose ideas are concentrated on the foe in front of them, and whose nerves are more or less in a state of tension. While, also, the action of cavalry, supported by Horse Artillery, may be of the greatest assistance to an army acting on the defensive by extending the line occupied by its troops, and consequently compelling an enemy, who attempts to attack them on a flank, to commence his movement at a great distance away, and to make a wide détour, it may find opportunity to take part in the actual fight, to throw itself with effect on the head of his columns as they seek to gain the vantage-ground. To work cavalry and horse artillery in this manner it is necessary to use them with boldness, to take full advantage of the rapidity of movement which they possess, and to utterly fling away all ideas of looking to infantry for support or assistance. Self-reliance, a quick eye, and a happy audacity on the part of the chief, and complete confidence in his powers on the part of those behind him, are the chief factors of success, and where they exist sudden raids, such as we have described, may surprise the enemy even on a modern battlefield as completely as amongst his vedettes, or on the flanks of his line of march.

THE OPERA.

ONCE more an attempt is being made to abrogate the absurd decree of fashion that London shall only have operatic performances during the summer season. Signor Lago, who is known as an impresario of experience, opened Covent Garden Theatre last Saturday for a series of performances of Italian opera at popular prices. His prospectus—comprising, as it does, such interesting works as Gluck's *Orfeo*, Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*, and Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, not to mention other more familiar operas—is sufficiently promising for his venture to deserve the good wishes of all those who do not want to see opera become a mere fashionable monopoly. So far the performances have been highly meritorious. *Aida*, which was chosen for the opening night, served to introduce two of the numerous new singers whose names occur in Signor Lago's prospectus. The sisters Ravagli, who undertook the parts of Amneris and Aida, are evidently artists in the best sense of the word. Mlle. Sofia Ravagli has a flexible soprano voice, and sings with taste and expression; but her merits are overshadowed by those of her sister, Mlle. Giulia, a mezzo-soprano of extensive compass and considerable power. Her performance of Amneris was one of the best of that difficult part which has been seen at the Italian Opera; both vocally and dramatically it was an impersonation of great excellence, and did much to secure the success of the opera. She is possessed of extremely expressive and mobile features, and her gestures, which are always graceful and consistent, are sometimes really impressive. Her appearance in Gluck's *Orfeo*, in the title-part of which she has achieved great success in Italy, will be looked forward to with interest, for she is evidently well suited for a part which has never been satisfactorily played since the retirement of Mme. Viardot. The Radamès on Saturday last was Signor Giannini, a tenor who has sung previously in London. He has a voice of extensive compass and great beauty, and sings well; these are sufficient merits to atone for a stage-presence which is but little adapted to realize the ideal heroic lover. As the Egyptian General his appearance was especially unfortunate, for his dress was singularly unbecoming. Signor Galassi, who is also familiar to opera-goers, gave a roughly-vigorous performance of the part of Amonasro. Both chorus and band were well up to the mark.

Neither the performance of the *Huguenots* on Monday nor of *Faust* on Tuesday was as good as that of *Aida*. For some years managers in England have fallen into the habit of giving Meyerbeer's opera in a slipshod and careless fashion. This was the case at Covent Garden last summer, and it was hardly to be expected that Signor Lago should set about mending matters. In Tuesday's performance the part of Raoul was taken by Signor Perotti, a tenor from Trieste, who after singing for some time at Leipzig, was heard at Drury Lane on the occasion of the first performance in England of Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer* some nineteen years ago. The upper register of his voice is exceedingly good, and he is evidently an experienced actor. His high chest

notes in the duel scene were given with telling effect, but as is so often the case, the rest of the voice has been neglected for the sake of the upper register, and his production is uneven and occasionally faulty. Still, he is a useful artist, and, like Signor Giannini and Mlle. Ravagli, entirely free from the besetting sin of modern Italian vocalization, the irritating *tremolo*. So much cannot be said for Mlle. Peri, the *Valentina*, whose fine and powerful soprano is greatly marred by this defect. If she could get rid of it, she would probably be a very acceptable singer, for she acts and sings with real dramatic feeling. The Margherita di Valois was Mlle. Stromfeld, another *débutante*, who has a light soprano of no very remarkable quality, though her execution is, on the whole, neat and finished. As the Page, Mlle. Giulia Ravagli entirely confirmed the good impression created by her Ameris; she is by far the best representative of the part who has appeared for a long time, and her singing and acting were quite admirable. As San Bris and Nevers, Signori Galassi and Padilla were efficient, but the Marcel of Signor Merolles left to seek. The chief interest in the performance of *Faust*, which was given on Tuesday, lay in Mme. Fanny Moody's Margherita—a part which she sang once last spring in the Carl Rosa Opera season at Drury Lane. Without being as good as her Mignon—which was by far the best part in which Londoners had had an opportunity of hearing her—her Margherita was a distinct success. Her voice is pure and sweet in quality, and she sings with a refreshing degree of earnestness and conviction. The "King of Thule" song was excellently given, and an attempt was made to encore her rendering of the Jewel song, to which she very wisely declined to accede. Her acting is good and intelligent, though she would do well to reconsider the advisability of introducing a burst of hysterical laughter at the end of the scene of Valentine's death. It was entirely inappropriate, and savoured too much of the provincialism which so disfigured the recent performances of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Of the rest of the cast there is not much to be said. The tenor, Signor Suane, may have a good voice; but, if so, he successfully disguises it under one of the worst *tremolos* which has been heard even at the Italian Opera. Mr. Franco Novara assumed his accustomed part of Mephistopheles. Mlle. Costanzi, the Siebel, has a pleasant voice, but it is hardly strong enough for so large a house as Covent Garden; Signor Padilla was thoroughly efficient as Valentine. The absurd plan of performing the Church scene in the Market-place before the death of Valentine is still persisted in, though the incongruity is so apparent that it is a mystery how it ever came to be adopted.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE action of the Directors of the London and North-Western Railway Company in Barton's case has forced into public discussion the question of forged transfers of railway stocks. The pertinent facts of the case may be very briefly stated. London and North-Western Stock, standing in the name of Mrs. Barton, was sold in 1887, and some of the names to the deed of transfer were forged. The sale was duly registered in the books of the Company, and since then the purchaser, who acted throughout in perfect good faith, has been receiving the dividends. In 1887 Mrs. Barton discovered the forgery, and demanded that the Company should again register her name as the owner of the stock. The Company refused, the matter came before a Court, and decision was given in favour of Mrs. Barton. Under this decision the Directors of the Company, of course, had no option but once more to register Mrs. Barton's name as owner of the stock. But, in doing so, they cancelled the registration in favour of the purchaser; and, not only so, but claimed back from him the dividends he has received for nearly sixteen years, as, of course, Mrs. Barton under the judgment never ceased to be the rightful owner of the stock, and therefore was entitled to all the dividends. The purchaser is advised that he has no remedy in the matter. But, if so, every holder of railway stock in the kingdom finds his interests menaced. How can he tell, if he purchased this stock, that the signatures to the transfer were not forged? And the question becomes the more serious when it is recollected that now trustees may invest trust funds in railway stocks. Consequently, the provision which a man has made for his widow and children may be utterly lost, and they may be reduced to poverty without any fault of his or theirs. Very properly the principal provincial Stock Exchanges have taken up the matter, and have put questions to the several railway Companies as to how they are disposed to act in such a case if it arises. Strange to say, the Committee of the London Stock Exchange does not seem to have co-operated with them, or to have taken any action of its own. But, though it is interesting to find that the Midland Company takes a more liberal and a juster view than the North-Western, it would not be enough, even if all the other Companies assured us that they would make compensation to innocent purchasers, for a new Board of Directors, or a General Meeting of the Company, might at any time arrive at a different decision; and, further, the North-Western would probably continue its present policy. Nothing short, therefore, of an Act of Parliament will restore full confidence in railway stocks after this judgment.

It is urged that the railway Companies are as innocent as the purchasers, and that there is no sufficient reason for throwing the loss entirely upon them. But there is this great difference between a private purchaser and the railway Companies, that the former has no means of detecting a forgery, whereas the latter had. Every Company has—or, at all events, ought to have—the signature of every holder of registered stock; and, therefore, has, or ought to have, the means of comparing the signatures of a transfer with those signatures in its books. No doubt a clever forgery may deceive even an expert, and the Company therefore may lose. But still the Company has means of detecting the forgery, whereas the purchaser in the market has none. We would point out further, that the loss is more imaginary than real in the case of a railway Company. The loss of a small sum may be ruinous to an individual, to a great Company it is trifling; but that is not the point. What we would particularly direct attention to is, that if the Companies generally accept voluntarily, or are compelled by Parliament to accept liability for all loss arising out of forgery, the shareholders gain in the way of security more than they lose in a slight temporary decline of dividends. In such a case they would naturally form an assurance fund to cover all compensation for loss through forgery, and every shareholder, therefore, would be perfectly insured against loss, which would more than make up to him for any slight falling off in the dividend in one or two half-years. It is sometimes asked how the compensation to an innocent purchaser is to be made. If a stock has been sold by means of a forged transfer, and registered in the name of B, and if the forgery is discovered, and A is once more to be registered as owner of the stock, in what way is the stock to be found so that B shall not lose what he has paid for and supposed to be his own? Is there to be an issue of so much capital? And, if so, is not that a watering of the stock? We venture to think that there ought not to be a fresh issue of capital. In case of compensation for accidents, the money has to be found out of revenue. Similarly, the money to compensate an innocent purchaser ought to be found out of revenue. Therefore the innocent purchaser may be compensated by cash, or the cash may be used to buy for him in the market an equivalent amount of stock to that already registered in his name, but which, it turns out, is not legally his. It is to be hoped that the Stock Exchanges throughout the country will continue their present agitation, and will introduce in the coming Session a Bill throwing upon the Companies the liability in the case of forgery, of course where the purchaser is not a party to the crime, and at the same time directing that the compensation shall be made out of revenue, and not out of capital.

The joint-stock and private banks appear to have grown tired of supporting the Bank of England in protecting its reserve, for this week they have at times been taking bills as low as 4½ per cent. This is a most unwise course, and, if persisted in, will make inevitable an advance in the Bank-rate to 6 per cent. The whole stock of gold held by the Bank is considerably under 20 millions. Within about a fortnight probably three-quarters of a million will have to be sent to Scotland to allow of the usual expansion of the note circulation at this time of the year. If in addition there should be any foreign demand, a rise in the rate cannot be avoided. Indeed, there is a rumour in the City that an order for gold for Germany was given, and that the rate would in consequence have been put up on Thursday, but that the order was cancelled. The Imperial Bank of Germany, as we stated last week, has for some months been losing large amounts of gold, and in consequence has raised its rate to 5½ per cent. As yet very little gold has been taken from the Bank of England for Germany, as large amounts have been received from Paris and St. Petersburg; but gold will certainly be taken from London if rates fall here. On the other hand, no gold is coming to this country except occasional remittances from Australia. The Bank of France refuses to part with any more. There is no chance of getting any in New York, where the reserves of the Associated Banks have again fallen below the legal minimum. None is coming from Russia and none from the other Continental countries. But in the present state of the stock markets an advance in the Bank-rate to 6 per cent. would be unfortunate. Already there is overmuch uneasiness. If operators were to find greater difficulty in obtaining accommodation, their position would be even more embarrassed. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the joint-stock and private banks will recognize that, in underbidding the Bank of England, they are endangering the safety of the whole market, and in the long run acting contrary to their own interests, and that in future they will support the Bank in making the 5 per cent. rate effective.

The price of silver, like that of everything else, is affected by the uncertainty of the money market and the scare upon the Stock Exchange. On Thursday it fell as low as 49½ d. per ounce. As soon as confidence returns, and money becomes more abundant, there will probably be a revival of speculation. The speculators, as matters stand, have been defeated partially, the price having fallen 5½ d. per ounce since the beginning of last month. But they are not likely to confess themselves defeated as yet. True, the rise in price is stimulating production, and has disorganized business in the silver-using countries. True, also, Austria-Hungary is discussing the adoption of a gold standard; and true, likewise, there are rumours that other Continental States will sell the metal. Still, the United States will go on buying 54 million ounces every year, and on the strength of that

speculators will hope for a further advance; while it is possible that the Silver party may begin to agitate for the adoption of the single silver standard. In the meantime, silver securities are depressed, along with silver, and with all other securities dealt in upon the Stock Exchange.

The relations between employers and employed in the shipping trade are strained, and a struggle sooner or later is not improbable; but the statement of the *Times*, though reiterated, that preparations have been made by employers for a general lock-out, and that it may be ordered at any moment, is not believed in the City. Nothing to justify it is known, and hasty and unjustifiable action by the shipowners would put them clearly in the wrong.

A delegate of the Argentine Government is daily expected in London to open negotiations with the great financial houses interested in Argentine finance, for providing the money to pay the interest, not only on the National Debt, but also on the debts of the provinces which are bankrupt, and for arriving at some compromise respecting Cedulas.

RACING.

THE penalties had overhandicapped Baron de Rothschild's Mardi Gras for the Great Saphire Stakes of 1,000*l.* at Sandown last week, and Mr. H. Ransford's Gold Ring, a muscular, if not very large black colt by The Miser, to whom he was giving 16*lb.*, won by a neck from Lord Hastings's Breach, a big, slackly-made bay filly by Hagioscope. There was a splendid race between the two very fast chestnut horses, Juggler and Dog Rose, for the Albany Stakes. At Goodwood, when receiving 5*lb.*, Dog Rose had beaten Juggler by three-quarters of a length, and now at even weights Juggler exactly confirmed that form by winning by a neck, although 11 to 10 had been laid against him. In the spring Juggler was handicapped a stone above Dog Rose; but there is evidently only about a couple of pounds between them at present, and they are probably the best horses over five furlongs in training. With Tom Cannon on Juggler and Watts on Dog Rose it is not likely that any mistake was made in the riding. The Orleans Nursery Handicap was won easily by Melody; but it was an unusual thing to see a winner of the Woodcote Stakes handicapped 37*lb.* below the top weight in a Nursery; and, as the colt to whom that weight was assigned was put into another handicap 7*lb.* below Gouverneur, Melody was evidently considered 3*st.* 2*lb.* under the best form of her year. Considering the ease with which she now won, and also her very fair race against Mephisto and Signorina for the Great Challenge Stakes, we are inclined to think that this good-looking filly had been much underestimated of late.

The Houghton Meeting, at Newmarket, began on Tuesday, and the abolition of the Monday's racing was welcomed very heartily by most people. The good-looking but ill-tempered Bel Demonio won his first clear victory of this season—we are not forgetting his dead-heat for the Great Eastern Handicap—in the Plate for 200*l.* He now beat Gavotte, who is considered about a stone below the first class at weight for age. An official prophecy was given on the Criterion Stakes in the Free Handicap for two-year-olds, in which Gouverneur was esteemed 26*lb.* better than Gay Minstrel, to whom he was now to give only 10*lb.* He won very easily by three lengths; but some critics thought that he hung towards the rails in a rather a suspicious manner at the finish. The Prince of Wales won the Criterion Nursery with Pierrette by a head from Aurora, to whom she was giving a stone.

For the Dewhurst Plate, on Wednesday, Lord Rosebery's Corstorphine—better known as the filly by Foxhall out of Chopette—was fancied, on account of her good third for the Lancashire Plate. There were rumours, too, that she had been privately tried to be more than a stone better than Keroval. In now beating Siphonia by half a length at 4*lb.* she about maintained the value put upon her, for the Free Handicap, of 2*lb.* below Siphonia. She walked away very lame after the race. Révrend, who was third, ran very fairly, considering that he was giving Siphonia 3*lb.* more than weight for sex.

One of the first bets after the publication of the weights for the Cambridgeshire was 20 to 1 against Surefoot. The next day 33 to 1 was laid against Signorina. When Surefoot had been unplaced for the St. Leger he did not at first go down in the Cambridgeshire betting, although he very soon disappeared from it altogether. Signorina, however, advanced to 12 to 1, and in less than a week she stood at 10 to 1. The history of this filly is very interesting. It had been the popular opinion that her superiority over the other two-year-old of last season was to be measured by stones, rather than pounds, and even the well-known fact that she had not wintered well did not prevent surprise when she was handicapped this spring, at weight for sex, with Surefoot, and only 3*lb.* above Memoir, to whom she had once given 16*lb.* and a beating by a length. That Major Egerton had not undervalued her was proved in the Oaks, when Memoir beat her by three-quarters of a length. This performance, coupled with the weights at which Lactantius subsequently beat her by a head at Sandown in June, showed that she was this summer about 5 or 6*lb.* below the estimate formed of her in the Free Handicap; so when she was put into the Cambridgeshire at 5*lb.* below the best three-year-old form of the year, her

chance could only be fancied on the supposition that she had regained some of her two-year-old form during the preceding three months. This was assumed to be the case until she only beat Susiana, for the Select Stakes at the Second October Meeting, in a somewhat slovenly style; a dubious victory, which was followed two days later by a defeat from Mephisto, who had 10*lb.* the best of the weights, at weight for age and sex. Yet, although in the latter race she ran as well, or even better, than she had been estimated in relation to Mephisto for the Great Eastern Handicap at the First October Meeting, she became an outsider in the Cambridgeshire betting. Long before her final downfall she had been surpassed in favouritism by more than one rival. Mr. G. Masterman's Tostig had run Gonsalvo to a head at Liverpool in July, and he was now handicapped 3*lb.* below him. This colt had not had a very successful career; in his early two-year-old days he was said to have been 10*lb.* or 12*lb.* better than Prince of Tyre, but he never ran within many pounds of that form in public. He was bought this summer by Mr. G. Masterman, and "Mr. Abington" has a share in him. It was reported that he had improved immensely of late, and that he was as good at weight for age as Snaplock, who had been handicapped for the Cambridgeshire 13*lb.* more than weight for age above him. On the Saturday after the First October Meeting he was first favourite at 9 to 1. Not long afterwards a new first favourite was made in the French filly Alicante, and she held her own, at about 8 to 1, until the race for the Cesarewitch. When she had run second, within a couple of lengths of Sheen, for that race, she was backed at 4 to 1 for the Cambridgeshire; for, said her admirers, she was far more suited by make and shape for the shorter race than the longer one. It was true that she would have 7*lb.* more to carry for the Cambridgeshire than she had carried for the Cesarewitch; but that, they believed, she would be able to do with success. She is a fine, lengthy chestnut filly, with grand shoulders; but she is a trifle leggy and long-backed, nor has she as much muscle as could be wished. Mr. G. Lambert's Judith, a chestnut filly by Beau Brummel, with good shoulders and wide hips, but not quite perfect in her middle piece, had run within half a length of her for the Cesarewitch, and for the Cambridgeshire Judith would meet her on 7*lb.* better terms. If speed rather than staying power were Judith's strong point, it seemed that this advantage in the weights would probably enable her to beat Alicante, and before the Cesarewitch she had never started for races above a mile in length; indeed, her three only victories had been won over five furlongs. The question was whether, after all, her pace was her highest virtue? Unquestionably she had run like a stayer for the Cesarewitch; but why was that the first long race for which she had ever been started? Was she run "out of her distance," as it is termed, in the Cesarewitch, or had she been run out of her distance in her previous races? The fourth in the Cesarewitch was Mr. J. Daly's Victorius, who, after having been backed at one time at 13 to 1, started at 40 to 1. At the Bushes he had been running better than anything in the race, and some people hold a theory that this is the spot at which to judge of the prospects of the Cesarewitch horses for the Cambridgeshire. For the latter race he would have an advantage of 2*lb.* more over Judith, and as he had shown great speed in coming across the flat it might be that this would enable him to beat her. He is a well-shaped bay colt, with rather an ugly head, by the hunter-getting sire, Victor.

It was rather remarkable that a few days before the race the first eight favourites were three-year-olds. Among these the best reputed form of the year was represented in Lord Hartington's Morion. This powerful, short-legged, deep-bodied bay colt by Barcaldine had beaten Sheen at 2*lb.* less than weight for age. At 12*lb.* more than weight for age, Alicante had only been able to get within two lengths of Sheen for the Cesarewitch, and now she was to receive 15*lb.* from Morion; so on this form Morion seemed to have the best chance of the pair—that is to say, assuming that Sheen had beaten Alicante in the Cesarewitch by speed, a point which was more than doubtful. Morion's presence in the race gave it a great interest; for if this grand colt, which, unfortunately, had been unentered for any of the great three-year-old races, could have won the Cambridgeshire under his heavy weight, in addition to his important handicap victory in the Royal Hunt Cup, he would have retired for the winter full of honours. In the same stable was Oddfellow, a lengthy bay colt by the same sire, with great substance, but rather too long in the back, and somewhat lax in his movements, who had been reported in the spring to be about as good as Morion in private, although his subsequent public form had told a very different story. He was now to carry 7*st.* 7*lb.* and to receive the enormous allowance of 20*lb.* from Morion. One pound higher in the handicap was Mr. Douglas Baird's handsome, but rather short-bodied, bay colt, Martagon, by Bend Or, who had cost 2,800 guineas as a yearling, and had almost repaid his purchase-money in stakes, mainly by means of valuable "seconds." His record of public form was not very high, with the exception of his second to Amphion for the Lancashire Plate in a rather unsatisfactory race; but he was favourably handicapped. This colt was in the same stable with Victorius. Another candidate at the same weight was Mr. J. Hammond's beautiful, if slightly "peacocky," bay colt, Garter, by Hampton, who had been unplaced three times this year. The handicapper's opinion of this colt appeared to have scarcely changed at all since the early spring, in spite of his three hollow defeats; and it was

doubted whether he had been thoroughly trained on either of those occasions. Mr. H. F. Barclay's Galway, a powerful and big-boned, but not at all coarse, black colt, by Galliard, who had been handicapped 3 lbs. above Garter in the spring, and had, like him, been beaten three times this season, was now placed 1 lb. below him. It was said that he had been tried to be within a trifle of Surefoot. Only 4 lbs. from the bottom of the handicap was Captain Machell's good-looking colt, Belmont, who had been handicapped to give away as much weight as 23 lbs. last autumn, and had once beaten Bel Demonio at even weights. He had not run in public during the present season before the Cambridgeshire.

Mr. Arthur Coventry deserved great credit for getting the field of twenty-nine horses off, to a good start, at the second steeple. The pace was exceedingly fast from beginning to end. The first, third, and fourth favourites—Alicante, Tostig, and Victorius—with Belmont, were in the front rank from the start, although Galway and Narrator led for a short distance. When they had run about two-thirds of the distance, Lord Hartington's Morion, who had started second favourite, was evidently tiring under his heavy weight, and was about to receive his first defeat as a three-year-old. Tostig, Victorius, and Alicante were now leading, and the field was already widely scattered owing to the speed at which the race was being run. As they came down the hill from the Bushes Alicante went up to Tostig, who began to show symptoms of defeat, although he had hitherto appeared to be "pulling double." In the Abingdon Bottom Alicante was leading, and the second place had been taken by Belmont. As she came up the ascent, Alicante had the race completely at her mercy, and she won by two lengths, while Belmont beat Tostig by four lengths for second place. Victorius finished only half a length behind Tostig. The Cambridgeshire was won by a filly that had been beaten for the French One Thousand, and had been unplaced for both the French Oaks and the Grand Prix de Paris. In the latter race Oddfellow had been third and Alicante ninth or tenth; now, when meeting him on 7 lbs. worse terms, she won, and Oddfellow did not finish in the first dozen. With Alicante out of the way a very clever coup would have been brought off with Belmont. That, however, failed; nor did the "good thing" with Tostig quite come off. Alicante is by that most celebrated representative of Touchstone, Hermit, out of a mare representing Birdcatcher blood on Touchstone, and this again put on Birdcatcher blood. A very large sum of money must have been won from the English Ring by French backers. Independently of any winnings by M. Ephrussi, the owner of Alicante, one French backer alone is said to have won 16,000/- by her victory in three bets.

St. Serf's race for the Free Handicap for three-year-olds on Thursday leaves him far higher among the horses of his year than he stood when put into this handicap before the Derby, and if he has not won either of the so-called classic races, he has at least won several of a very high class and earned a good round sum in stakes. The form which he now showed, at the weights, makes it probable that there was some reason for the excuses made for him in his races for the St. Leger and the Lancashire Plate, nor can there be any doubt that in both of these races he easily came down in a scrimmage.

In our notice of the Cesarewitch we might have said that, in addition to St. Gatien's, Robert the Devil's performance in winning that race was a better one, at weight for age, than that of Sheen. On the other hand, we did too much honour to Ténébreuse, as we referred to the original handicap for her Cesarewitch, forgetting for the moment that the weights had been raised after the acceptance, in consequence of forfeit having been declared for all the horses handicapped above 8 st. 1 lb. Sheen's victory in the Cesarewitch, however, was a very meritorious one, and it has been considerably magnified by Alicante's success in the Cambridgeshire.

EXHIBITIONS.

WE need a new word that shall describe paintings and drawings which are accurate and pleasing, and which yet cannot truthfully be called art. If this word could be invented, the first use to which we should put it would be to qualify the sketches and drawings of birds, which are produced so frequently, and so much to the satisfaction of the public, by Mr. H. Stacy Marks, R.A. A new set of them is now on view at the Fine Art Society's galleries at 148 New Bond Street. They are very much what we have seen before. They are approved of by naturalists, because they give exact reproductions of the external forms and colours of the birds; by philanthropists and people who subscribe to the Animal-Agony column of the *Spectator*, because they represent the poultry in sentimental and comic attitudes, and by the public generally, because they are bright and lively, and remind those who look upon them of the Zoo. We stand, in turn, with these three classes, and try to admire. We thoroughly sympathize with the real love of birds, and desire to spread that love, which the painter shows. We admit that his drawings have many popular merits, and we are just working ourselves up into a laudatory mood, when, as the poet says, "the Devil whispers behind the leaves, 'It's pretty—but is it art?'"

Mr. Marks gives himself away in a triumphant preface to the Catalogue. "Whatever doubts," he says, "I might have had as to the success of the Bird Exhibition of last year, they were

entirely dispelled before it had been open a week." It is a pity to blow the trumpet so loud as this, because it is sure to take some perverse individual or other up to the large drawing of "Demoiselle Cranes" (44) or to the "Spotted Tinamous" (17), with a breast from which the element of pity has been extracted. Why be unduly merciful to a gentleman who is in Mr. Marks's condition of rapturous self-confidence? Why hesitate to point out that no artist could ever have painted these flat muddy-coloured cranes against a vague landscape background to which they stick without the smallest relief, or this study of little brown birds, drawn and painted as a child might do them? These, of course, are very bad examples of Mr. Marks's work. We take them because he seems so immensely pleased with himself. He is often, in a decorative way, quite successful. His two "Gray-breasted Parrakeets" (103) are soft and pretty. His "Pagoda Owl" (54), a flat-headed, brown, sullen fellow, is really admirable. Some of his sumptuous macaws and cockatoos are happily characterized. But we turn from the subject to the technique only to be dismayed. Mr. Marks's playful confidence in his own footing with the public has led him to perpetrate the joke of hanging among his paintings of to-day a frameful of pencil scrawls which he performed when he was a little boy (124), and he makes merry over their deficiencies. He must beware; the advance which he has achieved since then in technical handicraft is not so enormous that he can venture to emphasize the difference between now and then.

There is one work of fine art in the exhibition. Mr. Ouless's "Portrait of H. S. Marks" (125), which hangs on the western wall, is a superb example of the masculine and highly-wrought painting of a very accomplished artist. We are sorry to note that since we saw this portrait last the pigments have visibly darkened.

At the fourteenth exhibition in the Hanover Gallery, 47 New Bond Street, are to be seen some interesting specimens of Continental art. Among these, the most important is a large composition by Professor Constantin Makowsky, "The Toilet of a Russian Bride" (1), probably the only characteristic example of the work of Makowsky which has been seen in this country. It will reveal to English amateurs a very remarkable painter. Makowsky, who was born at Moscow in 1839, is regarded by some critics as being at the head of contemporary Russian art. Our readers may remember the sensation created at Paris in 1878 by his "Bachi-Bazouks" and "Carrying of the Holy Carpet to Cairo." The picture in the Hanover Gallery represents a bride of the close of the seventeenth century. Her hair is being dressed by an elderly lady in waiting, while her female friends, variously engaged, are grouped around her. This is a fine specimen of antiquarian painting, evenly and fully lighted, with much variety of expression, and great, but not exaggerated, magnificence of costume. It is now exhibited, we understand, for the first time, being on its way to Paris.

A figure-composition by Corot is rare enough to make "La Famille aux Champs" (83), which is in beautiful condition, a very interesting picture. In a characteristic soft Corot landscape is sitting a mother, in blue dress and striped dark red skirt, posed in profile to us, and holding transversely on her knees a grave infant, which gazes out of the frame. In the background a man is tying faggots. Above this Corot hangs a very fine Rosa Bonheur, "The King's Mate" (32), a study of a lioness, couched, staring at us with burning eyes of amber. This was painted in 1874, when the painter was at the height of her force. Two Courbets are very characteristic examples of that master's roughest and most savage productions in landscape. A rude "Ravine" (25) in the Jura, with a cascade at its foot and a convulsive row of snow-peaks against a sky of Courbet-blue, is more artistic than a "Lake Scene in Switzerland" (62).

We have enumerated the most striking works at the Hanover Gallery, but there are others which are worthy of attention. Those who delight in the high finish and Spanish vivacity of Domingo will be pleased to see "Shall I risk it?" (21), a fluffy red kitten venturing to pat a bee; a delicate blush-rose bud hanging out of the darkness overhead. Here is a powerful half-length of "An Arab Chief" (37), attributed to Fortuny; a pretty little highly finished scene outside a doorway, a groom holding a horse, called "Waiting" (55), by David de Sauzea; and several of the once-admired interiors and sea-scapes of Eugène Isabey. There is great vigour in "At Biarritz" (75) by Alfred Stevens; it represents a girl in the latest Parisian fashion, standing with her back to the shore, having laid her parasol on a parapet; behind her we see the whole busy life of the beach, with the blue sea beyond, and the line of the promontory that bounds the bay.

THE GLADSTONIAN'S GLADSTONE.

[They appointed another officer, who unhappily lost his life through the errors he was led into in a very cruel act in the arrest of an excellent priest, namely, Father MacFadden, upon the sham charge of murder.—*Daily News*.

They appointed another officer of the police, who unhappily lost his life in an affair relating to another very cruel act in the arrest of a priest—namely, Father MacFadden—upon the charge of murder.—*Times*.]

AN excellent and worthy priest arrested after mass; A brutal crowd assembled where the constables must pass; A gang of savage ruffians, with blackthorn club in hand, And bludgeoning by dozens the Inspector in command;

[October 25, 1890]

A wretched man with head and face "all weltered in his gore,"
Left dying, beaten senseless, at his reverence's door;
A venerable rhetorician owning to the fact
That all this was connected with a "very cruel act."
And problem:—To determine his remark's exact intent,
And what it was that venerable rhetorician meant.

Some deemed this problem difficult, some seemed inclined to
doubt,
And some reporters scarce were sure they had found his meaning
out.

Those words, "a very cruel act," occurring in a breath
With that most ghastly story of Inspector Martin's death,
Suggested, it would seem—if their report aright we read—
Some vague associations with that sanguinary deed.

But these men lack authority, their word we cannot take
For anything that venerable rhetorician spake;
To find the one correct report on which we may depend
We must consult the venerable rhetorician's friend.

And he—he doubteth not at all; the phrase did not confuse
The intelligent reporter of the faithful *D-ly N-ws*.
To boggle at the passage would, he thinks, denote the dunce;
He "spots" the "very cruel act" unerring, and at once;
Mixes not up the central crime wrought at the chapel-gate
With such mere casual episode as that of Martin's fate,
But knows that Mr. Gl-dst-ne meant, nor doubts it in the least,
Not the Inspector's murder, but the capture of the priest.

Then blessings on the candour of this trusty devotee,
For who should know the meaning of his god as well as he?
And, thanks to him and his report, it matters not a jot
If the construction he adopts be accurate or not.

If Mr. Gl-dst-ne *didn't* speak as he was understood,
This most obsequious follower thinks that he might and should.
If Mr. Gl-dst-ne *doesn't* mean that "cruel acts" would cease
By discontinuing arrests, not murders of police,
We know that this supporter staunch can see no reason why
His chief should not denounce the one and pass the other by.
In short, the moral portrait which such trusty henchmen limn,
If not the Grand Old Man himself, is what they see in him;
'Tis the Gladstonian's Gl-dst-ne here that into being starts;—
We thank them for the picture from the bottom of our hearts.

REVIEWS.

A BOOK ABOUT DAHOMI.*

MAJOR ELLIS has written quite a respectable number of books about Africa of varying quality. His first work, the *Land of Fetish*, was somewhat superficial in treatment, but distinctly readable, and gave one a fairly accurate impression of the mode of life led by white men in Western Africa, with some cruelly humorous remarks on the pomp and ceremony affected by certain West African governors. Encouraged by the favourable reception accorded to his first book, Major Ellis produced too rapidly a succession of volumes which had little to recommend them either as to originality of information or careful writing. He reached his lowest depth of "book-making" in *African Islands*. Since the publication of that last-named book, however, Major Ellis has gone on steadily improving in the quality and style of his writings on African subjects. His *Tshi-Speaking Peoples*, a description of the inhabitants of the Gold Coast Colony, though it was more a careful compilation founded on the work of other writers and more specialist students of African languages and anthropology than the outcome of his own independent research and first-hand observation, was still a useful book as a compilation, and offered, besides, some carefully-arrived-at conclusions drawn up by Major Ellis from the premises put forward by others, it may be, but in some cases unearthed from obscure publications, and clearly set forth for the first time by Major Ellis, acting as editor. And now *The Ewe-speaking Peoples*, a book descriptive of the kingdom of Dahomi, follows on this previous study of the Gold Coast tribes, and shows a still greater improvement both in literary style and scientific observation. In fact, *The Ewe-speaking Peoples* is the first really valuable book that Major Ellis has written—a book that will be an almost necessary adjunct to the libraries of African students and politicians interested in Africa. Much of it is compilation; but the author is perfectly honest in the acknowledgment of his indebtedness to other and older writers. Major Ellis's own knowledge of the Ewe-speaking peoples is chiefly confined to what may be called British Dahomi; that is to say, that part of the Gold Coast Colony which lies to the east of the Volta river, the capital of which is Quittah (Keta). His description of the Dahomian system of religion and the animistic beliefs of the people is exceedingly interesting. Though, perhaps, not wholly adapted for "general reading," the account of the worship of the God Legba—at once the Priapus and Amor of the Dahomians—is of value to anthropologists; as are also the notes on circumcision and on the

* *The Ewe-Speaking Peoples of the West Coast of Africa*. By Major A. B. Ellis. 1 vol. London: Chapman & Hall.

marriage ceremonies. Major Ellis further clearly shows to us the real *raison d'être* of those large "colleges" of *Atairisi* which are so characteristic of the social organization of the independent heathen Negro kingdoms of West Africa. These women are not merely dissolute persons, prostituting themselves for gain; they are the "wives" of a god (especially of Dahil, the python god), and in the first instance they surrender themselves to the embraces of the priests who are the god's representatives. Afterwards, in their excessive zeal, they see their deity shining through the eyes of every comely man, and become somewhat general and indiscriminating in their amours.

That remarkable regiment (some 3,000 strong) of fighting women whom we call Amazons, and who are so peculiarly distinctive of the Dahomian army, receives full illustration at Major Ellis's hands, and his information on this subject is comprehensive and correct. This female corps, which forms perhaps the most formidable section of the Dahomian army, "was raised about the year 1729, when a body of women who had been armed and furnished with banners, merely as a stratagem to make the attacking force seem larger, behaved with such unexpected gallantry as to lead to a permanent corps of women being embodied." Up to the reign of Gezo, who came to the "stool" in 1818, the Amazon force was composed chiefly of criminals—that is, criminals in the Dahomi sense of the word. Wives detected in adultery and termagants and scolds were drafted into its ranks; and the great majority of the women given to the King by the provincial chiefs—that is, sent to him as being worthy of death for misdemeanours or crimes, were, instead of being sacrificed at the "annual custom," made women soldiers.

The Amazons are known in Dahomi by the title of "The King's Wives" and "Our Mothers." Their status is actually that of wives to the King, and any infidelity on their part to their royal husband is punished by a most terrible death if discovered, even though they may be only "wives in name." They find this enforced celibacy hard to bear, and, in spite of the hideous fate which awaits them on discovery, they frequently indulge in intrigues. Nevertheless their severe military training and the orgies to which they are addicted have done much to unsex them, and one can almost see in this experiment a commencement of some special "neuter" class of working, fighting females like the working, fighting neuters among the ants and bees, in whom the sexual instinct lies dormant and undeveloped.

Major Ellis brings out well the dreary conditions of existence that afflict almost all independent, uncontrolled negro communities. He leads one to realize that the black man's worst foe is the black man. Bad as are the Arabs, once their preliminary slaughter is over, they settle down to something like organized security for life and property; they do not look upon continual bloodshedding as a religious function to be constantly and regularly repeated. In Dahomi and most other kingdoms which are independent of Arab or European control human sacrifice is regarded as a necessary, right, and proper institution, an article of religion, in short, to be scrupulously observed. Is reckless, ghastly bloodshed, in the grinding tyranny of an absolute monarch and an unscrupulous priesthood, Dahomi puts all other known negro States in the shade. It is very desirable that this scandal to humanity should be brought to an end, which can only be done by an expedition like the Ashanti war, and the shattering of the kingly power in Dahomi; but the question arises, Who is to do it? France seemed likely to take up the invidious task the other day; but, fearing to find in it another Tonkin, she wisely contented herself by exacting from the King of Dahomi a recognition of her protectorate over the tiny State of Porto Novo. Dahomi therefore remains an independent "unprotected" State, though its seaboard is divided into narrow strips of French and German territory, and it has but a tiny bit of independent coastline at Whydah, where, moreover, there is a small Portuguese port. On the north and east, British dominions or spheres of influence abut on Dahomi, and we should view with some apprehension a seizure of that wicked little kingdom by one of our European rivals, because it would threaten our continuity of influence between our great Niger protectorate and our rich Gold Coast Colony. The Mohammedan tribes at the back of Dahomi have, however, concluded treaties with the Royal Niger Company, and it is to be supposed that our interests in this "Hinterland" are fairly protected, even if Dahomi some day meets with the punishment it richly deserves. All these and other questions are suggested, illustrated, or answered in the valuable and timely book which Major Ellis has written.

NOVELS.*

THE reading of many novels is rendered laborious by the number of characters which have to be remembered and

* *Sons and Daughters*. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

Mount Eden. A Romance. By Florence Marryat. London: Hutchinson & Co.

Two Masters. A Novel. By B. M. Croker. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1890.

Sliding Sands. By Henry Cresswell. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.

Lover or Friend? By Rosa Nouchette Carey. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

A Marked Man: some Episodes in his Life. By Ada Cambridge. 3 vols. London: William Heinemann. 1890.

kept distinct in the mind; it is therefore a relief to take up Mrs. Oliphant's *Sons and Daughters*, and to find that only four are offered for our consideration. They are encased in one volume of modest size, and they consist of two fathers and their only children, a son and a daughter. The parents take one view and the children another. Hence this story. One of its leading questions relates to a point of honour connected with trade and bankruptcy. The author's code is a very high one; yet she appears to us to make her heroine sail a little near the wind when she secretly pays her own private fortune of 10,000*l.* to her lover's banking account, in order that he may fulfil a stipulation made by her very kind and indulgent father, that he must settle that amount upon her if he wishes to marry her. The hero, though scrupulous to the last degree, was an ass. His father was a merchant, and it was his parent's wish that, after he had spent some years at Eton and Oxford, and made a tour of a few months in America, he should "step at once into his place in the business." We should have thought this proceeding a little hurried; but no matter. The dutiful son, however, refused to go into his father's business on any conditions; he was much too high-minded for merchandise, and he thought it a very wicked act to buy in a cheap market and sell in a dear one. Nevertheless his father sent this unbusinesslike youth to look after his estate in the West Indies, which was in confusion, and out of this confusion he extricated it with consummate tact and skill. In the meantime the father's firm suspended payment. We do not fully understand why the father's West Indian estate escaped ranking as an asset, on the plea that it was "personal property." Moreover, a landed estate is not personal property at all, but real property. His own father having failed, the lucky fool has the offer of a place in his intended father-in-law's house of business. This also he refuses; but at last he agrees to take it under protest. Finally, he escapes even this good offer. If we had been writing *Sons and Daughters*, we should not have allowed such an ungrateful donkey to be happy for ever afterwards. It is needless to say that a novel by Mrs. Oliphant is more or less well written. But what, may we ask, has the *St. James's Gazette* done to offend her that she should go out of her way to write about the "soothing articles on nothing in particular with which that journal abounds"? Is this a case of the reviewed turning reviewer?

Mount Eden is another novel about a merchant and business matters; but it is a bank that breaks in this instance. If real houses of business were as unstable as those of fiction, there would be a perpetual panic in the money-market. Here, again, we have a novel with the rare merit of not being unnecessarily spun out. It has a very fairly contrived plot, which rather gains than loses through no attempt being made to conceal its issue from the reader, who is evidently intended to recognize the missing heir at first sight. The chief excitement of the book consists in the anticipation of the moment at which the heroine will discover his identity. The very perfect hero behaved abominably to his father in allowing him to believe him to be drowned. He sinned again, in our opinion, in proposing to the heroine when she went all alone to his solitary cottage for advice at night. When at last the heroine is informed that the hero is the missing heir, the news is sprung upon her at dinner, of all uncomfortable, unwholesome, and inconvenient times. The villain—one of whose offences, by the way, was that he "over-heated" his cousin's horses—is rewarded with an annuity of 500*l.* a year for forging and stealing and making himself generally disagreeable. The heroine, a young lady who never dresses for dinner, and owns a beautiful place and a property worth 15,000*l.* a year, is perfectly aware of the rascality of this miscreant; yet she allows her dearest friend to marry him without a word of warning. This stupid act is not unskillfully brought about by the author, as she makes her heroine consult a man friend, put the case awkwardly before him, and then misunderstand his advice. This, at least, is natural enough. In many other parts of the book the author shows considerable knowledge of human nature, with not a little originality.

The "two masters" whom the heroine tried to serve in the novel bearing that name were her father and her husband. The master whom she served best was the former, and as he was half crazy, she got into considerable trouble with the latter by so doing. The very varied characters introduced into this book are described with some power, and if the work never rises to anything better than a very fair light novel, it never falls below that familiar standard. The incident in which the heroine, when dressed in full bridal costume to be married to an old man with 40,000*l.* a year whom she hates, changes her clothes and bolts, while her maid leaves her, as she supposes, for a little private devotion, is brisk, pleasant, and bright. The description of the country home of an impoverished Irish landlord is excellent, and that of the efforts of the children to keep their invalid mother in ignorance of the disasters which have befallen the family, by keeping the rooms in which she is confined as nice as ever, and stinting themselves to supply her with luxuries, is very touching. The poor invalid even complains to a newcomer that her daughters "actually prefer those shabby old clothes to new ones," and declares that she is "tired of talking to them about new frocks." In a novel containing a murder, a suicide, a lunatic, and several detective policemen, there is quite enough that is beyond the limits of ordinary life without introducing a violent mad-dog incident unnecessarily. There is a good deal of spirit in a chapter entitled "The Worm Turns," but we doubt whether an overbearing sister-in-law would have yielded so submissively in real life; nor does

it seem clear to us that a wife, believed by her husband to be unfaithful, and left by him, during his absence on foreign service, as a sort of prisoner in the charge of his mother, would have the right suddenly to assume the reins of household government, claim the keys, and order everybody about as mistress of the establishment. We venture to doubt, too, whether the detective had such "a beautiful case" against the murderer as the author appears to think. The finding of a broken sleeve-link belonging to him on the spot where the murder was committed would not necessarily convict him; for it was admitted that he had gone to the place not long afterwards nominally with the object of searching for evidence against another person, and it might have been that it was on the latter occasion that he lost part of his sleeve-link. Then can any one, who knows anything of detectives, believe that, on arresting the murderer in his sitting-room in Paris, they would allow him to go alone into the room adjoining and stay there for five minutes. There are many lively conversations and good scenes in the course of the three volumes, but they are joined together by a needless chain of small details, which occasionally becomes wearisome. Emotional readers, again, might object that the temperature of the heroine's love for her husband is, at its highest, far from tropical. There are many worse faults in a book than careless correction of proofs; yet a succession of misprints is wearying. "Hit own" for his own, "you uncle" for your uncle, "I hope you are coming" for I hope you are coming, and "expensive" for expansive disfigure an author's pages and irritate his readers.

The principal character in *Sliding Sands* is not the hero, but the fool, if the author will forgive us for thus describing him. This fool was a clever young man with ascetic features, which "offered a type of almost ideal, pensive intellectuality," and he had "restlessly-scintillating eyes." The earlier chapters of the novel are devoted to getting this creature married to a girl whom he does not love, and in love with a girl whom he obviously cannot marry. Eventually the fool is disposed of, and the hero, who has appeared occasionally in the course of the story, marries the object of the fool's affections. Both hero and fool are on the staff of a provincial newspaper, and the heroine is a contributor to it. Most of the characters in the book are connected with this provincial daily, and the possibilities of romance afforded by local journalism appear to have been the leading idea on which Mr. Henry Cresswell founded his story. The best-drawn character is that of the paralysed old editor, whose paper stands to him in the place of wife and child. His kindness to young authors and his care never to allow their productions to appear in his own columns until they have been well tried in those of other editors are decidedly amusing. Then there is a novelist and journalist who thoroughly understands the art of advertising himself. He turned everything to good account. When it was necessary that he should undergo an operation, he dictated a few lines of a serial story while waiting for the surgeons, arranging that the editor should add a note giving information of that fact, and observing that when the public would read them he would "be hanging between life and death." After his wife had met with a fatal accident he built a cenotaph upon the spot, bearing in the inscription a list of the books written by her sorrowing husband. In the heroine it is possible to trace a certain relationship to *A Modern Greek Heroine*, and, of the pair, perhaps the latter was the strongest character, in a literary sense. There are certain words and expressions in the book which are not to our taste. For instance, "Hebetude" and "watchet eyes" might, we think, have given place to more familiar terms. Then "cannot attract attention anyhow else," "reflecting upon Mr. Forman's behaviour to his staff distinctly ill-naturedly," "arrangements made yesterday between the late Mr. Forman and me," and "signed yesterday by the late Mr. Forman and me," sound somewhat awkward, although they may not actually violate the rules of grammar. We are not very fond, again, of a Frenchified use of the word "but," such as "But I am enchanted to accept"; "Oh, but do you know this is very amusing"; and "But certainly," answered Mr. Green." It is a pity that this novel, which has many merits, has been so heavily padded.

From the romance of a newspaper office we pass to the romance of a schoolmaster's house. *Lover or Friend?* consists of 943 pages of dreary chatter and uninteresting detail. Yet we should like to say something favourable of this inoffensive book. It is tolerably "natural"; it has a pretty cover, and—yes, we may say conscientiously that there is nothing in it that would raise a blush to the cheek, &c. &c. The characters, as a rule, talk very nicely and precisely. "I wonder if he be" is most correct. "Was it my clothes or me?" does not sound quite so good. Of course somebody says "Cela va sans dire," and when a guest is late for dinner, instead of naughty words being muttered, elegant regrets are expressed that he should "commit such a solecism." The great length of this novel and the many long hours that we have spent in reading it incline us, by way of a pleasing contrast, to make our review of it as short as possible.

The great gospel preached in *A Marked Man* is that nobody ought to be a clergyman. Early in the story "a fiery-souled and frail-bodied young deacon," having come "to the conclusion, after a hard struggle, that it would be wrong for him to become a priest," shook himself free from his clerical frock. The hero himself, in spite of the commands of his father, the prayers of his mother, and the if-you-won't-do-it-you-don't-love-me argument of his young wife, refused to have aught to do with the accursed thing, and the piece of perfection, who eventually

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married his daughter, "had been a clergyman, little as he looked like it"; but "a fine intellectual rectitude, the habit of a mind trained to precision of thought, withstood the degenerating process to which it was subjected, and carried him by the straight road of honour out of the false position into which family influence and youthful inexperience had led him." "The artificial skin fastened on him by the Church when he was young and undeveloped" had become "too tight," and he "expanded beyond the limits within which it could bind him without splitting, like the shell of a chrysalis in spring." We are told that more parsons have uncomfortably tight skins than is generally supposed; for "the inadequacies of that inelastic integument to the growing soul that inhales the outer air in spite of it must be felt by a great number who carefully conceal them." The author's strongest point is description, an art in which she often shows skill of a high order. It is in her plot that she is weakest. She marries her hero twice and his daughter once; she kills his two wives; she kills him—and that is all! At no part of the book does the reader feel the least anxiety as to how it will end. It is a sort of double-barrelled novel. At the end of the first half there is an interval of twenty-five years. During the first half of the story the scene is laid in England, and during the second in Australia. The hero's delight at the death of his first wife is quite pathetic. "I am glad," he says, "I am, I am! I am glad as a man who has been kept in prison is glad to be let out." His daughter has "views" about marriage. She submits to the ceremony in her own case, but is "convinced that the marriage system is altogether a mistake—an anachronism, a clumsy contrivance for keeping society together that we ought to have improved upon long ago." Her intended husband—the ex-clergyman—admits that there is much force in all this; but he does not think the times are quite ripe for the entire abolition of the rite. Her father dies at the end of the third volume, avowing that he cannot "see any glimpse—any hope at all—of anything to come after"; and when she reminds him, as he is sinking, of "Arnold's paper in the *Fortnightly*," and suggests that, although "no one can tell," it is just possible that there may be some sort of hereafter in which he may meet his second and much-beloved wife, he replies "in a groaning whisper" that, much as he should like to have her restored to him in the flesh, she would present no attractions to him in the form of "an angel or a spirit." Shortly afterwards "the life that had so ill satisfied him was at an end," and so also is the novel.

BOOKBINDING.*

SEVERAL costly and copiously illustrated books on bookbinding have lately been published for amateurs. The second edition of Mr. Zaehnsdorf's work, enlarged, is not of this class, but one in a series of technological handbooks. The author addresses the producer, not the consumer; he gives practical directions, and prints of machines; he deals not at all, or very little, in anecdote, and consequently his book is more useful to the workman than interesting to the book-collector. No book will make an artist; but, taken in company with practice and teaching, Mr. Zaehnsdorf's treatise is, no doubt, useful enough. His brief sketch of the history of binding is as slight as possible, and devoid of precise dates. Inaccuracy is carried to the pitch of promising an illustration of Derome, and then giving, as Le Gascon's, a binding of the *Troupe de Voltaire*, by no means written while Le Gascon was alive to bind it. As to the details of work, they can only be criticized by experts. We are glad to see that Mr. Zaehnsdorf's tastes are in favour of handwork, as opposed to machinery, and that he protests against sewing good books with wire—a hideous outrage. The author quotes a piteous protest from the *Athenaeum* against those who crop a volume's honest dimensions, and says that he has hung it up, printed large, in his shop, "as a constant caution and instruction to the workmen." For decoration Mr. Zaehnsdorf prefers Le Gascon, maintaining that he "brought bookbinding to its highest point of richness and finish." Among his technical directions the quaintest is, "Take up one of the pieces of gold upon a large pad of cotton wool, previously greased slightly by drawing it over the head." Very great practice, as well as natural taste and accuracy, is needed in tooling, and to ascertain the exact degree of heat needed in the tools can be acquired only by long experience. We learn that books are seldom *doubles* now, amateurs preferring ornament outside. On the other hand, old examples of this method are valued at exorbitant, and even absurd, prices. There is some interest in the description of making leather mosaics or inlaid works, and Mr. Zaehnsdorf says that seven months were expended on book decorated in this manner by his house. He remarks that "the art of binding in vellum seems to be entirely lost at the present day," and seemingly considers it *vile damnum*. "Its imperishable nature is its only recommendation." He admits that a first-rate workman must be born a bookbinder, and does not stop to wrangle with pedants who maintain that binders are now even more scarce than poets in France and England. Unlike Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Zaehnsdorf does not candidly criticize his rivals and contemporaries. He is right; and yet the world

(which lacks good taste) would have enjoyed a few strictures on Mr. Sanderson and M. Lortie. The chapters on washing and cleaning books will interest even amateurs who set their faces against all *lavage*. A cleaned book is often a ruined book. The wise wait for a copy in better condition. "Unfortunately, very little is known among bookbinders as a body about cleaning." They are not very satisfactory folk to deal with always. Mr. Zaehnsdorf might warn them against throwing away old fly-leaves with the autographs of famous old owners. Here follow two brief anecdotes of binders, or rather of the same binder, in the style of Hierocles:

I.
An amateur having taken Furetiere's *Roman Bourgeois* to a binder in the October of one year, found it in the October of the following year lying untouched on the very table where he had laid it down.

II.
A binder having bound Grimarest's *Vie de Moliere* in red morocco, in a short time the back turned white and tore across from top to bottom.

III.

A binder having received a volume to bind, lost it.

Possibly the stuff for cleaning the leaves was in this case accidentally applied to the leather. One valuable piece of information Mr. Zaehnsdorf gives:—turpentine in the binder's paste is sovereign against bookworms. The little work has a neat glossary and index, and the illustrations are neatly and cleanly done. The error, already noted, about Derome and Le Gascon, is probably due in part to a misplacing of two plates.

THE SHORTER POEMS OF ROBERT BRIDGES.*

FROM time to time admirers of Mr. Robert Bridges's very distinct and charming verse have put forth plaints that its value is not sufficiently recognized by the general public. The general public rarely takes any notice of such plaints. But if it did, it might retaliate with some force that it has been anything but easy for any one to acquaint himself with Mr. Bridges's work, especially with those shorter poems which, as we hold with Edgar Poe (and without his possible prepossession in the matter), always contain the best poetry. Two of the "books" into which this little volume is divided are avowedly made up of poems originally printed on two different occasions in pamphlet form; and to print in pamphlet form is to court the embraces of oblivion. Others come from a volume which has, we think, been long out of print, and which, as Mr. Bridges's own phrase of "my final selection from" it frankly enough hints, contained some immature work. Others, and some of the best, have never been printed at all; yet others have been only privately printed. To very few persons, we think, will the larger part of this volume—which, though it only contains some hundred pages, is closely, but very elegantly, printed—be familiar. For this coyness of his we do not altogether praise Mr. Bridges. In comparison with the disgusting self-advertisement too common in the present day, it is an undoubted virtue, and even the vicious side of it is a not ignoble infirmity; but the crime of the bird who can sing, and deliberately sings in the wilderness, approximates to the crime of the bird who can sing and won't. However, it is but ill graced to reprove Mr. Bridges at the moment when he has made amends.

As is fitting in the case of a writer whose work is so little known, we propose rather to quote than to discuss in this review, a proceeding the more to be preferred because Mr. Bridges's poetical characteristics require no very large expense of critical prelection. Though an extremely scholarly, he is at his best (as most men are at their best) a very simple, writer. He once indulged himself in experiments in a "New Prosody," which we do not think a success, and of which we are not sorry to find that he has not reprinted many examples here (the original "pamphlet," alas! reposes in some doubtless perfectly safe but undiscoverable nook, and we cannot find it for comparison). Sometimes, though rarely, he further indulges in unnecessarily exotic words. We do not ourselves like "nenuphars" and "myosote" in English verse, and we think "spathe" might be left to the scientific man; but blemishes of this kind are exceedingly rare and of little importance. Beyond legitimate poetic transposition of words, there is absolutely no element of obscurity in Mr. Bridges's style, as shown here. Further, he is quite free from the curse which weighs on so much contemporary verse, the curse of trying to be fashionably "thoughtful." His verse is, indeed, as full of thought as it is accomplished in form and melodious in sound; but it abides by the principal things, and does not busy itself with the things that are not principal. And thus it is that its author can write like this:—

Thou didst delight my eyes;
Yet who am I? Not first,
Nor last, nor best, that durst
Once dream of thee for prize;
Nor this the only time
Thou shalt set love to rhyme.

Thou didst delight mine ear:
Ah! little praise; thy voice
Makes other hearts rejoice,
Makes all ears glad that hear;
And short my joy: but yet,
O song, do not forget.

* *The Shorter Poems of Robert Bridges.* London: George Bell & Sons. 1890.

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For what wert thou to me ?
How shall I say ? The moon,
That poured her midnight noon
Upon his wrecking sea ;
A sail that for a day
Has cheered the castaway.

Here the anticipation of "castaway" in "his" is perhaps rather Greek than English, and a little forced; but otherwise the piece is distinctly in the great manner, perfectly simple in language, admirable in harmony, rich and not too profuse in pictorial suggestion, complete in thought. It strikes one of Mr. Bridges's highest notes, a note which, though never merely imitative, suggests the poets of the middle seventeenth century. Here is another and sufficiently different piece :—

The cliff-top has a carpet
Of lilac, gold and green,
The blue sky bounds the ocean,
The white clouds send between.
A flock of gulls are wheeling
And wailing round my seat ;
Above my head the heaven,
The sea beneath my feet.

That is, no doubt, in a lower kind—a kind more artificial, so to speak, more deliberate, less determined by poetic emotion, and more limited to the *poesis* which is simply *ut pictura*. It may need, too, a little attention to perceive how completely it attains its own end—that of rendering the scene with only a suggestion of subjective feeling. But it does this, and so is admirable as art. Still we should never compare verse of such a kind to the other, whereof here is a fresh and again delightful example :—

Love on my heart from heaven fell
Soft as the dew on flowers of spring,
Sweet as the hidden drops that swell
Their honey-throated chalicing.
Now never from him do I part,
Hosanna ever more I cry :
I taste his savour in my heart
And bid all praise him as do I.
Without him nought soever is,
Nor was afore, nor e'er shall be :
Nor any other joy than his
Wish I for mine to comfort me.

Nobody who has an ear (an appendage less universally attached to the human head than might be thought from appearances) can fail to appreciate the music of this, which sets in one continuous swell. Even "chalicing," which in some moods some might call "affections," is justified by the fact that it gives the right sound at the right moment, as well as conveys the intended image in the right place and way.

Two longer poems of singular beauty—"I will not let thee go" (which is as a song not too far below the famous sonnet which they say Drayton wrote, while some are certain that it can be only Shakspeare's, "Since there's no help, come let us kiss, and part"), and "Long are the hours the sun is above" (a piece rather different in manner from most of Mr. Bridges's, but very beautiful)—deserve particular attention, but from their length can hardly find admission here; and the same reason must exclude divers pieces on the Thames. That river from the "dear city of youth and dream"—a phrase not to be forgotten—downwards past another home of still earlier youth, and perhaps still more hopeful dreaming, seems to have had a large share of the poet's affection. As we turn over the pages again, there are twenty things that we should like to quote :—the yellow sea poppy who

Is fed with spray for dew and caught
By every gale that sweeps the sea ;

who Has no lovers like the red
That dances with the noble corn ;

the fine elegy, more directly in the school of the seventeenth century than any other—

Assemble, all ye maidens, at the door ;

the charming triolet, better known than anything else of Mr. Bridges's, from its appearance in anthologies—

When first we met we did not guess
That love would prove so hard a master ;

"There is a hill beside the silver Thames," one of the river pieces above noted, in which the author comes close, though with various differences, to Mr. Matthew Arnold; the song "My bed and pillow are cold," and others. But one more we must give in full :—

I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents—
A honeymoon delight—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour :—
My song be like a flower !

I have loved airs that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky

Trembling to welcome it.
Notes that, with pulse of fire,
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere :
My song be like an air !

Die, song, die like a breath
And wither as a bloom :
Fear not a flowery death,
Fear not an empty tomb !
Fly with delight, fly hence !
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast, now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

Here, as in some other poems, Mr. Bridges, following great examples, ends, it will be seen, with a diminuendo rather than a crash, as some use and others like. But here and elsewhere his verses are choice good, and sure begetters of delight in the fit reader.

STATE PAPERS, IRELAND.*

IN this volume, which extends from October 1592 to June 1596, we have the records of the period immediately preceding the outbreak of Tyrone's rebellion. Philip II. was determined to revenge himself on Elizabeth by raising up trouble in Ireland, and many of the Irish chiefs were eager to forward his designs; for, besides having each his own ends to serve, they believed that their religion was endangered by the increase of Elizabeth's power, and listened willingly to the Roman Catholic clergy whom Philip employed to excite them to rebellion. In January 1593 Bishop McGawran, titular primate of Ireland, and six other bishops met Hugh Roe O'Donnell "in great council," and assured him that Spanish armies were about to land both in England and Ireland, and that they had decided that he was the "most fittest" to be general in Ireland. McGawran also produced a Papal warrant for Brian O'Rourke to succeed to the possessions of his late father, Sir Brian. After the meeting he went off to Maguire's country, and excited him to invade Connaught. Six months later he was slain in the Maghery with seven or eight of the Maguires. Meanwhile Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, complained bitterly that he was unjustly suspected of disloyalty by the Lord Deputy and the Council, and offered to bring Maguire to them to make submission on terms. Maguire, however, continued the war; and, though there can be no doubt that he had been urged on by Tyrone, the Earl found himself forced to take part against him in order to avoid being involved in open rebellion, for which he was not yet prepared. He, therefore, marched with Bagenall, the Marshal, against Maguire, and defeated him at Belleek on the Erne. The Earl, who was slightly wounded in the engagement, considered that his conduct in this affair ought to be taken as a decisive testimony of his loyalty. As, however, the Lord Deputy had full information concerning certain secret meetings between the Earl, Maguire, and O'Donnell, he warned Burghley not to trust him, and Sir Geofrey Fenton pointed out to the English Council that the only way to "extirpate Maguire" and prevent all designs of foreign invasion would be to draw the Earl into England; for his absence would insure the good behaviour of "all the staggering potentates in Ulster" (p. 193). Fitzwilliams, as Mr. Hamilton remarks in his preface, not only knew Tyrone thoroughly, but also worked in complete accord with his English colleagues, so that the Earl was confronted by a united authority. Unfortunately Sir William Russell, who succeeded him in the spring of 1594, was jealous and overbearing, and quarrels arose between some of the Queen's chief officers at a time when union was specially needful. In August O'Donnell and Maguire, with the help of a large body of Scots, besieged Enniskillen, O'Donnell declaring that he would not leave the siege "until he had eaten the last cow in his country." Sir Henry Duke and Sir Edward Herbert attempted to relieve the place, but were defeated with great loss, and wrote that they were thankful that any of their men escaped alive. Their defeat "made the traitors very insolent and proud." On hearing the news Tyrone went to Dublin of his own accord, and "without standing on any terms for his security," offered his service to the Council, promising that he would shortly send his eldest son to remain in Dublin for his education. In spite of his protestations, however, Sir Richard Bingham was convinced that the Earl had himself contrived the siege of Enniskillen.

In the summer of 1595 Tyrone's "staggering course" ended in open rebellion. In June the Burkes murdered their captain, George Bingham, "as he sat writing in his chamber in Sligo Castle," and made themselves masters of the place. A few days later Tyrone gathered his forces, "cut three months' victuals," and destroyed Armagh, leaving only the cathedral standing. He received a letter from the titular Bishop of Killaloe promising him immediate help from Philip of Spain, and on the death of Tirough Lynagh O'Neill assumed the style of "The O'Neill," which was in itself a defiance to the English Government. The Lord Deputy defeated him and his allies, Maguire and O'Donnell, in the "Moyerie," near Armagh, the Earl and O'Donnell running away at the head of their troops, and about a fortnight later the rebels were again routed in the Newry. Nevertheless the war was not carried on with adequate vigour. Elizabeth could not bear demands for money, and her captains in Ireland were crippled by her un-

* *Calendar of State Papers relating to Ireland, of the Reign of Elizabeth 1592, October—1596, June.* Preserved in the Public Record Office. Edited by Hans Claude Hamilton, Esq., F.S.A., late an Assistant Record Keeper. Under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London : printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1890.

[October 25, 1890]

willingness to send them supplies. But little progress could be made even with the most necessary works of fortification, and the soldiers were ill provided with clothes and food. Even the troops which came from England were a ragged lot. "In the two companies last sent over," Sir John Norreys wrote, from the camp in the Newry, "there are not twenty men like to prove soldiers, the rest are poor old ploughmen and rogues." Tyrone made repeated offers to come in on his own terms, professing a desire for the Royal pardon, while at the same time he assured the King of Spain that, if he would send him aid, "religion and the Kingdom of Ireland would flourish." "Heretics," he said, "shall fail in Ireland within a year, like smoke in presence of the fire" (p. 406). At the risk of incurring her displeasure, Elizabeth's officers told her plainly what the Earl's projects were; he could not be content with less than absolute power as the "Prince of Ulster"; he and his allies demanded first of all freedom of religion, they were not really anxious for peace, they only wanted to gain time, and unless they saw that the Queen would "proceed roundly with a war" there was danger that all "would to wrack." Elizabeth, however, was set on a pacification. Burghley told the English captains "how much she disliked the excessive greatness of her charge": the very name of Ireland "sounded harshly" to her, and she was displeased when he laid before her their requests for supplies. She would not see that the most economical course open to her was at once to spend any sum, however large, that might be needed in order to crush Tyrone and his allies beyond hope of recovery. Matters dragged on in a miserable fashion; the Earl made numerous truces or "cessations" to enable him to receive help from Spain, and the English officers quarrelled amongst themselves, and received repeated rebukes for not bringing the rebellion to an end without making so many demands on the Queen's purse. Charges were laid before the English Council against Sir Richard Bingham either by the "rebels of Connaught," or, as he believed, "by factious persons about the State" acting in their name. He begged the Queen not to appoint Norreys and Fenton to inquire into his conduct, asserting that Norreys was trying to have his brother made governor of Connaught in his place, and that Fenton had long been his personal enemy. Norreys wrote home that Sir William Russell and the Irish Council were scandalously addicted to bribery and the selling of offices, and that he could no longer bear "the disgraces openly put upon him by the Lord Deputy," or "the dealing used in matters of justice." On May 25, 1596, Elizabeth ordered that Tyrone was to receive his pardon. About the same time Russell wrote to Sir Robert Cecil, declaring that the Earl "seeketh nothing but to win time, and hath been promised help from Spain." Rumours were ripe as to the landing of Spanish forces, and Ireland was "fast drifting into the great rebellion known as Tyrone's." Mr. Hamilton's preface, from which we quote these words, will be found of some service as a guide to the contents of these papers. We do not, however, like his plan of devoting several pages to the papers given in a previous volume, and less space than need be to those immediately before him. His abstracts are well written, and though he is perhaps inclined to err on the side of abundance, the letters which he has printed at full, or nearly full length, are judiciously selected.

THE METHODS OF PUBLISHING.*

THE amusing and instructive correspondence recently conducted in the *Times* with so much vigour and acrimony makes the appearance of this volume peculiarly opportune. The fictitious curiosity aroused by the publication of the private business dealings between a pet cleric and a prominent firm of publishers may even gain Mr. Sprigge a circle of readers beyond the comparatively small class to whom he directly appeals. No book of the kind of any value has been published since the late Mr. James Spedding, now many years ago, issued a short essay or pamphlet on the half-profit system. That system, which he therein exposed with so much moderation and good sense, has now fallen into general disfavour; and a manual of wider scope, intelligibly arranged and clearly written, should be invaluable to persons engaged in the production of books of whatever kind. Mr. Sprigge's treatise possesses these qualifications, and it has the further merit of being eminently readable. This last quality will be appreciated by readers who have to go to the book for information; but the work mainly deserves to succeed on account of the skill and care which characterize its arrangement. Having paid this tribute to the excellence of Mr. Sprigge's general conception of what kind of book was wanted, and to the manner in which he has carried out his conception, we propose to point out where he appears to us to be mistaken in his general conclusions. It must be borne in mind that this book is stamped with the *imprimatur* of the Society of Authors; it is, therefore, permissible to suppose that the information and advice it contains represent the collective knowledge and wisdom of the Chairman and Committee of the Society, and that Mr. Sprigge speaks at their instance and more or less at their direction. Many authors, reading the prospectus of the Society, must have been struck by the statement that one of its aims and objects is

to "define Literary Property." Speaking of literary property, then, in a note to the preface on page (i), Mr. Sprigge says:—"Its existence has been denied, on the ground that all ideas are free, so that no one can claim a monopoly in them. The assertion appears to have been made in all gravity." We do not know who the wiseacre was who denied the existence of literary property; but when he said that ideas were free—that is, ideas that have been published in the form of writing or as a lecture—he was quite right, and we here repeat the assertion "in all gravity." The law of copyright does not protect the idea, but the form in which the idea is published; and therein it differs from the law protecting the infringement of patents, which seems to aim at something of the kind. It is absurd to compare property in a published book to property in a gold-mine, or to a bank-note. It would be just about as foolish to say that the knowledge and skill of the physician or surgeon belonged to either in the same sense as the fee which he receives for applying his knowledge. After this it does not seem at all wonderful that the Society should be anxious to define literary property.

But when Mr. Sprigge comes to the question of publishing he is on much surer ground. In regard to the mass of fiction which appears every year, and which is paid for by its authors, he makes the cheering announcement that it "results in no profit whatever, except to the publishers, who *rightly*" (the italics are our own) "take care not to lose by such transactions," and he wisely declines to consider other than saleable fiction. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that, whenever Mr. Sprigge is drawing any general conclusion on the publishing question, "saleable fiction" occupies his mind to the exclusion of every other kind of book. This will help to explain the wide difference of opinion which exists between the Society of Authors on the one hand and many respectable publishers on the other. Mr. Besant is never tired of reiterating the maxim "There is no risk in publishing a book." This is true enough in regard to a work of fiction even by an unknown writer, provided always that it bears the stamp of one of the great publishing firms on the title-page. There is no class of book which can be so easily judged, whether in regard to its literary merit or its chances of popular success. The mere fact that such a book is issued by a firm which is known to employ competent readers will ensure the sale of a sufficient number of copies to the libraries to pay for the production of the work. In proof of this contention we may instance the advertised book-lists of the newer publishing firms who cannot command a sale at the libraries. These will be found to contain comparatively few works of fiction, and those few are not of the kind which would, in any case, be seen in Mudie's List. We believe that in the publication of almost all books, other than the fiction which is saleable at the libraries, there must be some risk; but even if there is not, it is difficult to see why the Society of Authors should concern themselves so much about the matter. Except in the case of books published on commission, the publisher is never either an agent or partner of the author. In one case the publisher buys the book outright, when he pays or ought to pay the author such a sum as will represent the present value of the amount that would be paid under the half-profit, or royalty, or any other system. When the writer is well known this sum can be determined with some approach to accuracy. However that may be, the publisher is in the position of a tradesman buying goods from, let us say, a manufacturer. And if, on the other hand, the publisher takes the book on the half-profit or royalty system he may be said to be in the position of a manufacturer who has acquired the sole right of manufacturing something patented. The real grievance under which authors labour, now that the half-profit has been so widely abandoned, is the difficulty or impossibility of checking a publisher's sale and stock account.

An ingenious person once suggested to us that this might be met in some degree by swearing in all publishers and printers in the same way in which brokers are sworn. If this were done, a publisher who rendered a false account could be prosecuted for a criminal offence. But, as the law now stands, an author does not find it worth while to proceed against a dishonest publisher with no money and less repute. What, however, we wish to insist on is that a publisher who embarks his capital and uses his skill and judgment in making or maintaining a business has a right to the same profits as any other tradesman. Whether there is risk in a book or not, it is the money or the credit of the publisher which is employed in its production, and no Society of Authors will ever make publishers lend either one or the other on terms unremunerative to themselves. We recommend the Society of Authors to strive after increased and progressive royalties and improved means of recovering them, and to abandon the attempt, promised in Mr. Sprigge's volume, to find an ideal system of publishing. In its search for this ideal system the Society is unconsciously adopting the faith of Buddha and looking forward to annihilation. In conclusion, a word of praise must be said of the careful manner in which the estimates have been compiled. The allowance for advertisements seems to us rather small, but a very wide difference of opinion exists on this point even among good publishers. It must be borne in mind that some publishers of repute have been known to advertise with a prodigality that exhausted all profits—a most unpardonable, ignorant, and foolish proceeding.

* *The Methods of Publishing.* By S. Squire Sprigge. London: published for the Society of Authors by Henry Glaisher. 1890.

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KOVALEVSKY ON EARLY INSTITUTIONS.*
(Second Notice.)

WE shall now go on to the latter part of Mr. Kovalevsky's Stockholm lectures, which deals with the growth of individual rights and individual property within the patriarchal joint family, the subjection of property in land to communal regulation, and its emancipation in modern times. One point made by Mr. Kovalevsky is, in our opinion, of the first importance. Whether it is actually new or not Mr. Kovalevsky has made it his own by connecting it with existing facts of Slavonic society which are within his peculiar competence, and have in part been observed and collected by himself. This point is that the Indo-European village community is not anterior to the joint family, but on the contrary has been developed from it. And it seems to us that, if this be made good, important consequences may ensue for the comparative history of Romanic and Germanic law. We know that in Roman law there are abundant vestiges of the patriarchal family, "joint in food, worship, and estate," which is still the foundation of the Hindu law of property administered by our Courts in India. For this it is enough to call to mind the name and nature of *sui heredes*, who even in the Roman authorities of the classical period are declared to have rights not derived from the person of their ancestor. We do not know that any vestiges of an ancient Roman village community have yet been discovered by the most ingenious German followers of Von Maurer's school. Again, we do know that the Roman conception of *dominium* as the basis of property rights is quite different from the Germanic idea of *Gewere*—guaranteed possession or right to possess, the *seisin* of English mediæval law—which under modernized forms has not yet lost its hold on our own legal system. Quite lately Professor Hamaker of Utrecht, reviewing an English work on Possession in the Common Law, and coming with a fresh mind to its summary of English doctrine, formed the conclusion that the Common Law does not at this day recognize anything fully equivalent to the *dominium* of the Roman lawyers. And we believe he was quite right. It would seem then that *dominium*, so far from being a necessary and primary legal concept (as theoretical jurists, mostly not looking beyond the Roman system, have assumed), is a peculiar and relatively late one. Further, Mr. Kovalevsky's thesis, if established, makes it conceivable that the "village community" stage had no existence, or only a transient and unstable existence, in the Roman development of private property. Is it too much to conjecture that this was the case, and that to some such cause the singularly modern and advanced character of the Roman law of property is due? The process which was spread over the Middle Ages in Western Christendom, which is still far from completion in Russia and other Slavonic lands, and which in parts of India is only beginning to be felt, must in any case have been completed in ancient Rome in a time which was ancient for Cicero and for the Decemvirs. Thus we are brought to the same conclusion which the transformations of the family have already indicated. The problem of the flexibility of institutions and precocity of social invention in a minority of nations which have led all the others—a problem to which Maine first adequately called attention in his *Ancient Law*—will not be abolished by modern anthropology. Data may be changed and the ground shifted; the problem remains. But we must return to our text.

There is at least one excellent reason, Mr. Kovalevsky points out, why separate property could not be the common type in primitive times. In a primitive state of society the individual can get nothing by himself, and therefore has no chance of claiming anything for himself. He cannot hunt or fish alone. The desire of permanent possession and powers of disposition can arise only when permanent wealth has been accumulated; even then it is probable that for a long time only objects of immediate personal use were capable of being private property. Food, arms, ornaments, and at a somewhat later stage captives, were, in Mr. Kovalevsky's opinion, the earliest kinds. And even in these cases the antiquities of both Roman and Hindoo law point to a gradual and not undisputed acquisition of rights by the individual as against the family. Meanwhile the joint family is now recognized as an ancient Teutonic institution, and exists as a living Hindu and Slavonic one. Mr. Bogišić, who has codified the customary law of Montenegro with admirable success (and whose name is altogether too much for the Swedish printer), described the South Slavonic form of joint family several years ago. Mr. Kovalevsky has, within the last ten years, found examples in Great Russia. The family does not, in Roman any more than in Slavonic society, consist merely of a husband and wife and their children under the absolute government of the husband, as earlier writers imagined. It is a complex group of persons originally connected by kinship, *consanguinitas hominum*, as Caesar says of the Germans; but it includes dependents, and the eldest or worthiest male who rules the group is not a despot. His powers may be large in some ways, but they are limited by custom. *Patria potestas* is regarded by Mr. Kovalevsky as derived, at a relatively late stage, not from a natural right of the father as such, but from the right of property attributed to the husband over the wife's children when wives had come to be regarded as themselves a kind of property. On this point he is

distinctly at variance with Maine, who insisted on identifying *Roman patria potestas* with the general authority of the eldest male descendant in the Aryan undivided family. We will not follow Mr. Kovalevsky through one class of evidences of the archaic joint family, to which he gives a chapter; we mean the survivals of ancestor-worship and of customs connected with the sanctity of the family hearth. Not that these evidences are less interesting or important than others, but they are already familiar to English readers through such works as Dr. Tylor's. We may say the same of the question how monogamy came to be the rule of the most advanced races of mankind, and an essential element in the Western conception of the patriarchal family. Saving for such people as Mr. Denman Ross, whom Mr. Kovalevsky most properly dismisses as incompetent, the existence of the joint family, with joint property, or rather use and occupation, may be accepted as a normal stage of archaic society. We have to consider the causes and manner of its dissolution.

Fortunately the process is well within the range of modern history in one case—that of Russia. The Russian village community, with its system of periodical partition, dates only from the sixteenth century, at which time the joint family was still the prevailing type. Individual desires and ambition have made themselves felt in Slavonic communities later than elsewhere, and the whole process can be observed. The desire of the younger adult members of the group to be their own masters appears to be the principal and sufficient moving force. Compulsory powers of requiring a partition obtain recognition, and, being freely exercised, break up the old family system in Russia, as in India; and at the same time, but in an earlier stage of development, Montenegro offers an exact parallel to the Roman *peculum castrense*. The joint and indivisible rights of the members of the family to be supported by the family property become converted into shares. As regards land, these shares are not assigned as several parcels of territory; nevertheless, they are as much individual property as the undivided shares of co-heirs in modern law. A strictly agricultural community, quite distinct from the old joint family, is formed by the rearrangement and alienation of shares. Then, as increased means of sustenance are called for by increasing population, fresh land is taken into cultivation, sometimes by individuals, often by groups which may be regarded as colonies of the older community. These colonies are apt, after a time, to merge in the body from which they were offshoots. By the repetition of these processes very large communities are formed, embracing in some cases thirty or more villages and hamlets. As for the periodical redistribution of the land itself, which has been taken for an original element of the agricultural community in the West, it certainly belongs to a later stage in Russia. The smaller landholders, being a majority, force repartition upon the minority in order to preserve an approximate equality; this is naturally not effected without opposition, and it is a long time before re-allotment at fixed intervals becomes the rule. But when a period does get fixed, it is almost uniformly one of three years, in accordance with the prevailing usage of three-course husbandry. These facts occur in widely separated parts of Russia, both north and south. Among the Cossacks of the Don Mr. Kovalevsky found, as late as 1877, an aggregation of no less than seventy villages, answering in all material points to the greater *marks* of mediæval Germany. The division of every share into parcels dispersed or "lying abroad" in the several fields belonging to the community was practised in much the same way as in the common fields of England, and there seems to be no doubt that the object was to give every one an equal portion of the various qualities of land. Viewed in the light of this complete and recent history, Mr. Seeböhm's explanation of the common-field system, by referring its peculiar character to a servile origin, appears to be untenable. There is no reason why the similar effects observed in England should not be sufficiently accounted for by similar causes operating in a remoter past. The point is of such importance that it may be well to give Mr. Kovalevsky's statement of the Russian practice in his own words:—"Le souci de l'égalité a occasionné un lotissement en parts égales dans les différents champs de la même commune, ces champs se distinguant entre eux par leur fertilité et leur situation plus ou moins avantageuse." In short, the allotment system of tillage in common, so far from being primitive, is an archaic Socialist revolution, which nips in the bud the growth of uncontrolled individual occupation. Exactly the same thing is found in the North of India. The absorption into the communal territory of lands reclaimed by individuals, after individual enjoyment even for more than one generation, has also been observed in Java. We must not be supposed to admit that Mr. Seeböhm's theory cannot be successfully fought on British ground. In North if not in South Britain there are clear examples of agricultural communities both ancient and free. Such is the burgh of Newton-upon-Ayr, described in Mr. Gomme's recent volume *The Village Community*. It is true that we cannot safely make general inferences from urban to rural customs, and also that in some cases communal freedom can be shown to have been preceded by lordship. But a type that may be exceptional in the particular region does not the less exist, and is not the less awkward for the makers of universal theories which refuse to leave room for it.

Mr. Kovalevsky concludes that in Western Europe the formation and dissolution of agricultural communities must have gone through the same stages as in Russia. Every phenomenon preserved for us in the fragmentary evidence of early mediæval his-

* *Tableau des origines et de l'évolution de la famille et de la propriété*. Par M. Kovalevsky. Stockholm : Sanson & Wallin. 1890.

tory has its counterpart in the later and fuller Slavonic history. We are a little disappointed that Mr. Kovalevsky has not gone into any details on this head. In particular, he does not at all consider the influence of Roman habits and ideas in accelerating, checking, or modifying the transformation of Germanic society and customs. Knowing as we do from modern history how strong is the tendency of half-civilized nations to imitate the ways of a superior or more compact civilization, and from mediæval history how much deliberate imitation of Roman institutions and forms there actually was, we can hardly believe, merely because there is no recorded evidence, that unrecorded usage escaped the like influence. And the case made by Fustel de Coulanges for the persistence of Romano-Gallic institutions under the Frankish monarchy is one that at least demands patient examination. However, Mr. Kovalevsky is quite within his right in leaving these matters to Western scholars. On the other hand, our young scholars who have a mind to pursue this kind of inquiry might do a great deal worse than learn Russian. It is a pure accident that Mr. Kovalevsky has written in French this time.

RECENT MUSIC.

SOME forty years ago a considerable disturbance was caused amongst the teachers of singing in England by the publication of a new and, as it was then considered, a startling method which was advocated by an Independent minister of Plaistow, in Essex, named John Curwen. The controversy respecting the movable doh versus the fixed doh raged, as such controversies do, with a vigour that defied description, and to the philosophic outsider with a fury that was the cause of much amusement. The Tonic Sol-faists maintained that under their system it was possible to train children to read music at sight in half the time and with half the trouble that were expended under the prevailing system, which was promptly dubbed the Notation system; and the Notationists, with uplifted nose, overwhelmed their opponents with the ridicule which it is always the privilege of an older system to bestow upon newcomer. Much good printer's ink was wasted on the controversy for some years, whilst the very practical founder of the Tonic Sol-fa method set to work to prove that his theory, at least, worked well in practice, and by the year 1857 the first Tonic Sol-fa children concert was held at the Crystal Palace. During these forty years the method has had full trial, and is now that which is adopted in the Board Schools of London, and probably at this time numbers over 500,000 pupils in England alone. Whatever may be the imperfections of the system, there is no doubt that it appeals to the child mind and utilizes symbols with which the child is already familiar. Hence its undoubted success as a method. Mr. John Taylor, a well-known musician and organist to Her Majesty the Queen at Kensington Palace, acknowledging the fact of the success of the Tonic Sol-fa method, has written a manual under the title of *How to Teach Sight-Singing*, which, while adopting the principle of the Tonic Sol-fa method, still adheres to the Notation system. The manual is well devised as a complete instruction book for both teacher and student, each page being divided into columns giving respectively the matter for instruction and the method for instruction; so that the student, if he be so minded, may see for himself how the teacher is expected to elucidate the special points in the lesson. Whether this method will supersede the Tonic Sol-fa system time alone will show; but it is undoubtedly a praiseworthy attempt to settle the controversy which still exists between Tonic Sol-faists and Notationists. The Tonic Sol-fa party claim that there is no difficulty in reverting to the Notation system for the purpose of reading the ordinary musical notation, and this claim has certainly been sustained in a majority of cases; but it would be as well if the two parties could see their way to uniting, if it be possible, in one universal method which would result in a termination of their disputed excellencies. This Mr. Taylor aspires to bring about by his manual, and we sincerely wish him every success. The book is published by Messrs. George Philip & Son, of Fleet Street.

Messrs. G. Ricordi & Co. send us two songs, both of which have for their subject the sea. The first, which is named "The Sea," is one of the only two manuscripts left by the late Signor Ciro Pinsuti, the copyright of both having been secured by the publishers, as we are informed on the cover. It is a fine effective song, in the composer's happiest style, full of variety in treatment, and will undoubtedly be successful. The other, "By a Southern Sea," by Lord Henry Somerset, is a pretty little sentimental ballad of the usual drawing-room style, and will be much admired by those who care for such things, being quite inoffensive, though not particularly original.

"Three Legends," for two violins, by J. Jacques Haakmann, are thoughtfully written for the instrument, and are very pleasant music. The second, *allegro ma non troppo*, is perhaps the one which we should prefer, but they are all good and void of claptrap. Gustave Ernst's Opus No. 17 consists of two pieces for the pianoforte, entitled "Lurline" and "Second Gondoliera," both good specimens of this composer's work. "Lurline" is a graceful, if, perhaps, somewhat too restless a production, while the "Gondoliera" necessarily suffers by suggesting a long line of compositions with the same title, some of which would be very difficult to surpass. Those who know Gerard F. Cobb's songs

will not be surprised to hear that "A Reconciliation" is a really fine composition. It is so refreshing to the weary critic to light by chance upon something that may be safely called a work giving evidence of genius, that he is likely to let his pen run away with him, and find himself saying things which he may regret afterwards, when his enthusiastic gratitude to the composer has had time to cool, so that perhaps we shall be on the safe side if we say that all those who have a soul above the ordinary twaddle of the drawing-room ballad should make themselves acquainted with songs of this really gifted composer. The publisher of these compositions is Mr. Charles Woolhouse.

From Messrs. Orsborn & Tuckwood we have received a number of pianoforte pieces and songs. The former consist of "Roundelay," by Carl Maleberg, a pretty country-dance in B flat; "Abbey March," by D'Auvergne Barnard, an easy and effective piece; "The Baroness," a graceful gavotte, by Dudley Powell; "Zola," by Victor Vienot, a sort of superior polka; and Book No. 27 of the *Vesper Voluntaries*, by J. E. Newell, containing a series of not very difficult, but well-written, organ-pieces which should be welcome to the amateur organist. Of the songs, "Neighbour Joan," by Cecil Winn, is a humorous trifle; and "Madeline," by M. Piccolomini; "Dreamtide," by Edwin M. Flavel; "A Mother's Vigil," by Alfred Rawlings, and "The Last Parade," by Edward St. Quentin, are all effective. The nine original songs in Cecil Winn's *Juvenile Album* are all charming, and "Pit-a-Pat Polka," by Theo. Bonheur; "The Flower Maiden Waltz," by D'Auvergne Barnard, and "The Royal Duchess Waltz," dedicated to the Duchess of Fife, by Robini, are all good pieces of dance music.

A well-written "Gigue," by Julius Arscott, and two songs, "The Song of the Gipsy," by Thomas Morton, and "Serenade," by Harwood Vaughan, both above the average, have reached us from Messrs. Marriott & Williams.

LANDMARKS OF HOMERIC STUDY.*

M. GLADSTONE'S new book on Homer is a very long summary of his conclusions. These are already well known to special students of what he calls Homericology. It is convenient to have them in a form so far from verbose; but a volume so condensed is inevitably rather dry. It cannot compete, as a view of the whole topic, with Mr. Jebb's "Primer" of Homer; nor, indeed, does Mr. Gladstone aim at making a popular sketch of the Homeric question. He tells us what he has decided on for his own part; he does not give many details, nor trace the whole controversy. The recent labours and conjectures of Germanic, and of Mr. Leaf, himself a very Germanic commentator, are scarcely within Mr. Gladstone's scope, though he pays Buchholz a deserved compliment. Two or three curious points may be noted. Mr. Gladstone has still a belief in Lauth's Homeric Egyptology, he spells Greek phrases in English characters, and he is very inconsistent in his spelling of Homeric proper names. He still writes Odysseus, not Oduseus, as one might expect.

Mr. Gladstone begins his work by showing how Latin influences and the medieval predominance of Virgil (whom he does not call "Vergil") darkened Homeric study for many hundred years. Another difficulty, he thinks, was the opinion that Homer was an Asiatic Greek, born after the "barbarizing invasion of the Dorians," and so "cut off from the heroic period." For our own part, it seems to us that Homer looks on the true heroic period as far behind him; his heroes are much more powerful than the men of his own age. But he still lives in an age of institutions of all sorts wholly unlike that of historic Greece. Mr. Gladstone, most correctly in our opinion, lays stress on the consistency of the *Realien*, of the institutions, manners, arts, utensils, and so forth, in Homer. They are consistent, again—though this appears to interest Mr. Gladstone less—with what prehistoric inquiry, folklore, and comparative anthropology tell us about human existence, in analogous conditions, among other races and under other skies. Analogues to the use of stone, bronze, and iron; to the marriage customs, to the building of ships and halls, to the use of the chariot in war, to the poetical formulae, and so forth, may be found among Zulus, in the Sagas, in medieval France, in ancient Egypt, and elsewhere. All the *Realien* described by Homer are known to have existed elsewhere, though not in exactly the same combination. Mr. Gladstone regards the consistency of the *Realien* as helping to establish the unity of the poems. An examination of Apollonius Rhodius and of Quintus Smyrnaeus will show that the most accomplished Greek imitators could not keep up this consistency; a skilled antiquary of to-day could be more successful in that effort than the Rhodian or the Smyrnaean.

Mr. Gladstone now deviates into a slight and, perhaps, considering his narrow space, superfluous history of the study of *Realien*. He begins with the learned Feithius, whose mysterious disappearance is the thing best known in his career, and he comes down to Buchholz; but he omits an odd and interesting essay published at Belfast early in the present century. This is hardly justice to Ireland. On the whole, the *Realien* show cause for believing (1) in the unity of the poems; (2) in the

* Landmarks of Homeric Study. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

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by Homer as a *fjord*, in the land of the midnight sun. There is no mistaking the origin of that tradition. The Cimmerians, of course, are only the Laestrygonians in winter; the Laestrygonians are the Cimmerians in summer; but Homer did not understand that. Stories of the remote north would come south with the winter, of which there are examples in Egypt, and, we think, in Mycenae. We cannot follow Mr. Gladstone into his Babylonian speculations, rather would we say *tu ne quæsieris*. The subject is not yet ripe, and least of all is it ripe for treatment by amateurs. This is the least satisfactory part of Mr. Gladstone's little book, which is, perhaps, on the other hand, the most satisfactory of his essays on Homer.

A MODERN CRITIC.*

MR. JOHN A. STEUART has thought proper to give to the world his views concerning the work of some score of living writers of fiction, poetry, essays, and the like. He prints them with a sententiousness which is really not common, and for which it is impossible not to be grateful to him. By his selection of a title he challenges comparison with the *Letters to Dead Authors* of Mr. Andrew Lang. This is perhaps not the most judicious thing that could be done by a gentleman whose name is entirely unknown, and whose work is not remarkable for any quality except that already indicated. It is the more unfortunate because it raises a hope of parodies. Fairly good parodies are, to many people, a somewhat easy kind of composition; and, on the other hand, bad parodies may be ridiculous enough to lighten the task of a reviewer. But Mr. Steuart does not attempt parody of his victims. His style is all his own—at least, it is all uniform, and nothing but sententious. "Now," he remarks to Mr. Ruskin, "while saying frankly that I consider you a man of genius, I should not be disposed to call you a Titan." He is, indeed, sometimes sloppy. He credits "some one" with having "aptly and truthfully observed" that pessimism "disenchanting and unglorifying us," and to Mr. Whittier he is good enough to observe, "Of you it might be said what you yourself have so feelingly sung of Burns." Perhaps he would be less depressing if such little blunders occurred oftener; but they are unfortunately rare. For the most part, we have to be content with such entertainment as is to be derived from the vulgar affectation of the second person plural. Mr. Steuart probably cannot understand how a locution which is apt enough when respectfully used in somewhat fanciful work by a graceful writer like Mr. Lang can be affected and vulgar when it is conveyed by a commonplace and extremely prosaic author like himself. No one who peruses his essays will have any difficulty in accepting the phrase.

Curiously enough, considering his belief in the unity of the poems, Mr. Gladstone does not believe that they were originally written, or that the Achaeans knew any form of writing "available for the transmission of poems exceeding, respectively, 15,000 and 12,000 lines." But why not, if the Achaeans, in close contact with Egypt and Phenicia as they were, could write at all? The difficulties about material are immensely exaggerated by Wolf, Potsherds, blade-bones, skins, leaden-plates, papyrus, were all within easy reach, and all are known to have been used as writing materials. They would not, in their ruder forms, suffice for a reading public, but they would suffice for a poet's MS. There is one example in mediaeval French, of a Trouvère's will. He leaves his son the MS. of his *Chanson*, by reciting which he has always lived well, and he bids his son see that nobody else gets a copy. Now a Greek tradition, clearly older than the growth of a literary public, tells us that Homer dowered his daughter with a copy of one of the minor epics attributed to him. Such a dowry could have no value, except either in modern copyright or in such circumstances as those of the old *trouvére*, when only the very few could read and write. If we agree with Mr. Gladstone about Homeric unity, we fear we must differ from him about early writing in Greece. The Odyssey is at best as consistently *charpentée* as *Tom Jones* or the *Oedipus Tyrannus*. Whatever the date of its existing form, we cannot be persuaded that it was thus composed without the use of writing.

Mr. Gladstone now examines Homer as a nation-maker. "He had to launch into the world what we may call the Greek idea.... It is part of his design to isolate his race.... Uplifting this race and its ideal out of the mass of things human, he furnishes it with its grand point of departure...." Then follows a less interesting discussion of Argives, Danaans, and Achaeans, well worked out in detail. The ethnological problem is difficult or impossible, and the prayer of Achilles to Pelasgian Zeus (Iliad, xvi. 233-249) may be interpreted in almost the opposite sense from that ventured by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone thinks, curiously enough, that Odysseus represents an amalgamation of Phoenician with Hellenic stock. To most readers the wandering hero seems Greek of Greek.

As to religion, Homer made, or rather blended, that of the Greeks. A recent German writer on *Psyche* has shown that the Homeric period in religion is a break or fault in the religious strata. Homer omits much that is truly ancient, as ancestor-worship, which we find existing after him in historical Greece. He gives the purest and noblest form of all the legends, very unlike Hesiod, the Orphics, and the local "sacred stories." Mr. Gladstone (p. 61) lays stress on this latter fact; perhaps he lays too much stress on the foreign elements in Greek religion; but to discuss this would lead us far afield. It is certain, however, that the Homeric gods are very composite figures, as, indeed, what gods of a composite nation are not? The elements are difficult to disentangle. As to "primeval traditions," "the Messianic idea," and the rest, the arguments are a two-edged sword, though Mr. Gladstone does not seem to be aware of it. More interesting to us is the fact that Homeric religion is higher in character than the popular Greek religion and ritual; that it reads like a protest against that queer barbaric creed, and that it is a break in the historical series of religious strata. This is important, as another testimony to the unity of the poems.

On the simpler topic of Homeric morals Mr. Gladstone writes clearly and succinctly, "The average Hebrew of the earlier historical Books of Scripture falls short of, rather than exceeds, the moral stature of the Achaia Greek." Into Homeric politics we shall not follow Mr. Gladstone. Greece died of Home Rule, but never mind that. He shows great ingenuity in defending even the Dolonians as essential to the Iliad. As to geography, Mr. Gladstone places the land of the Laestrygonians in the north,

and the home of these prehistoric Norsemen is described by Homer as a *fjord*, in the land of the midnight sun. There is no mistaking the origin of that tradition. The Cimmerians, of course, are only the Laestrygonians in winter; the Laestrygonians are the Cimmerians in summer; but Homer did not understand that. Stories of the remote north would come south with the winter, of which there are examples in Egypt, and, we think, in Mycenae. We cannot follow Mr. Gladstone into his Babylonian speculations, rather would we say *tu ne quæsieris*. The subject is not yet ripe, and least of all is it ripe for treatment by amateurs. This is the least satisfactory part of Mr. Gladstone's little book, which is, perhaps, on the other hand, the most satisfactory of his essays on Homer.

One of the essays is addressed to Mr. Lang himself. It contains no apology for having made use of his title as a lure for the unwary, but consists mainly of condescending, indiscriminating, and unmeaning patronage, qualified by a strange superstition that Mr. Lang is, above all other writers, in the habit of failing to appreciate, and being "so persistently 'down' on" American authors in general, and especially Mr. W. D. Howells. Mr. Steuart does not condescend upon particulars, and our acquaintance with the published works of Mr. Lang is not sufficient to enable us to call to mind the writings of his which have produced this impression upon Mr. Steuart's mind. But he decides that Mr. Lang much resembles Thackeray, and wishes he would write a greater number of serious sonnets.

On the whole, like most men who criticize with an assumption of familiarity, Mr. Steuart is extremely fulsome. He detects genius with surprising frequency, and, although he is nausically civil to almost every one, his particular favourites are Mr. Lowell, Mr. Hall Caine, and Mr. Buchanan. Indeed, "so long as we have writers writing books like *God and the Man*, there is still hope for the literature of our country." The concluding essay is about Mark Twain, and is obviously of humorous intention; but whether it is intended to convey that Mark Twain is the funniest fellow living, or that he is a dull dog, or—which seems just conceivable—represents Mr. Steuart's idea of a parody of Mark Twain's style, is a question capable of infinitely more discussion than Mr. Steuart and his volume are worth. We must congratulate Mr. Blackmore. A picture of each of the other victims is prefixed to the appropriate essay, but there is none of Mr. Blackmore.

TWO BOOKS ON BEASTS. †

ON the first page of *The Big Game of North America* the merits and virtues of every contributor are set forth at length. "Why," asks the Introducer, "should I write on behalf of the noble, the pathetic, the conscientious Number 1; the careful, painstaking Number 2; the eloquent, the enthusiastic, the poetic Number 3; the gallant champion of the hounds, Number 4; the venerable

* *Letters to Living Authors*. By John A. Steuart, Author of "Self-Exiled" &c. With Portraits. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

† *The Big Game of North America*. By Men Who Have Hunted It. Edited by E. O. Shields. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Wild Beasts and their Ways. By Sir Samuel W. Baker, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., &c. London: Macmillan & Co.

lover of nature, Number 5; the genial, big-hearted Number 6; the nature-loving Number 7; the careful naturalist, Number 8; the ever-fresh and interesting old hunter, Number 9; the sturdy, cautious Number 10; the eloquent, the beloved Number 11; the flowery Number 12; the earnest, enthusiastic Number 13; the arduous mountaineer, Number 14? I need not—I will not presume to do so." But if it be necessary that readers should be acquainted with these characteristics, they must be informed. The articles do not speak for themselves. In all that varied list of epithets "flowery" is the only one we recognize *de visu* until, to be precise, the 203rd page. Weeds, in a sense, may be called flowery. But they bear no fruit. The man, or woman, or child who can read the first ten chapters of this bulky volume must equal the most patient of animals in his capacity for labouring upon the driest nutriment. One of the contributors addresses an imaginary comrade:—"If you are a cuss as writes, you will send a description of this scene to some sportsman's paper. . . . Then you will wander off and gush about rose-tinted forests, and the winds sighing requiems through the pines." This reads like a bitter sarcasm upon the gentleman's collaborateurs, for such is their style precisely—with the most singular and incredible interludes. Thus one of them—the eloquent and beloved Number 11, unless we miscount—after dwelling on the rose-tints and the requiems, so to speak, suddenly takes up this strain:—

Added to all the other stimulants of the scenes I was moving in, was the unquenched and unquenchable tenderness for the noble boy who led the way before me; tall, powerful, manly; his face browned by exposure to almost the hue of his rich brown hair, and his dark hazel eye beaming with affection for the father for whom he had planned this very hunt a year ago, and when (*sic*) he was two thousand miles away.

The reader supposes that an outburst of this kind will lead up to something—not at all. It is only a casual description of a son by a fond parent *à propos* of nothing at all. The two potter along in blameless dialogue, missing deer as often as hitting. So do most of the essayists—which is an honest touch of nature. But he who assails the "cuss as writes" does not mean to be hard upon his fellows evidently. For none of them are more flowery than himself.

These artless compositions are prefaced by facts and hints useful for one who meditates a shooting trip to America; but he may find them all elsewhere, in a shape much more convenient. With the chapter on the grizzly bear a better style is introduced. Mr. Rainsford maintains that only two distinct species of bear exist between Mexico and Alaska—the Black and the Grizzly, of which the Silver Tip and the Roach-back are varieties. It is pleasant to note that Sir Samuel Baker timorously inclined to the same view, with little experience to guide his instinctive judgment. Moreover, he disputes both the size and the ferocity, which are articles of faith in America. No doubt a grizzly is a terrible beast when he attacks; but he will always get away if he can, even though wounded. In that case the brute has "a peculiarly exasperating way of rolling over and over like a ball, at great pace, roaring the while." Only once in his experience has the writer been charged, and then he was in the way of the bear's retreat. Sergeant Francis Long, of the Greely Arctic Expedition, supplies a pleasant little paper on the Polar bear. He seems to think that there are several varieties. A habit of the black bear new to us is described by Colonel G. D. Alexander. "A week or two before going into winter quarters the bear selects some marshy ground or a slough, across the side of which he can make a promenade night and morning before bedding. The place must be soft enough to permit his feet to sink a foot or more in the mud; and his steps are the same distance both going and returning, just as regular as the steps of a veteran sentinel. After the bear has selected the place, and stepped on some fifty or seventy yards, he turns and retraces the same steps until satisfied. The time is either in the morning about daylight, or just before sunset." No explanation is offered. Such "steppings" are a favourite spot for hunters to lie in wait.

Passing the grey wolf, the lynx, the wolverine, the racoon, and the wild cat, Dr. M. E. Ellzey gives his views upon "Foxhunting in Virginia." He does not even allude to the current notion that the red fox was introduced from England. No unwinged creature, thinks Dr. Ellzey, equals this American species in swiftness. "It is doubtful whether a first-rate specimen of the red fox, taken at his best in point of condition, can either be killed or run to earth by any pack of hounds living." Six or seven dogs make a "nice pack" in Virginia, but some prefer thirteen. Three neighbouring gentlemen may own and keep them. "Splayed bitches" are the favourites. The best in the writer's experience were black and tan of colour. Speed is the first point of excellence. He does not believe that any dogs "bred, owned, trained, and run in England can kill our red foxes." When fox-hunting is established as the national sport, a breed of hunters will be produced in due time; whence we conclude that there is none at present.

Veterans like Sir Samuel Baker stand astride of two ages, as it were, in the chronicles of Sport. When they were young the realms of savagery teemed with big game—but hard to get at, and when found difficult and dangerous to "bag" with the imperfect weapons of the day. They have lived to see communications opened with nearly every shore under heaven, and breech-loading guns that penetrate the armour of a crocodile as easily as the skin of a deer—but the game is vanishing fast where it has not yet vanished altogether. This record of adventures could not have been compiled before the latter end of the nineteenth

century. No young man could possibly match it now, though he lived and hunted to the years of Nimrod; in the next generation several of the animals described will be extinct; and, in all probability, if the world follow its present course, wild beasts will be improved out of existence within fifty years. The American bison has gone, and Sir Samuel Baker adds his testimony to the mass of warnings that all other big game of the Northern continent are doomed. In twenty years, says he, the Indian buffalo will have disappeared. Constantly he alludes to the rarity of beasts in districts where he himself beheld them "swarming." Revisiting the Hunter's Paradise described in his earliest book—the shores of Minnerin Lake, in Ceylon—he found it "a scene still lovely, but almost devoid of game." The author does not dwell on this point of view; but his book has peculiar interest if so regarded. We can fancy the emotion of our great-grandsons if they chance to take it up, and read page by page of thrilling spectacles and deadly perils and glorious triumphs, of beasts strange to them except in museums and menageries; of a world, in short, abounding with many joys which has passed away.

And in reading they may probably ask whether Sir Samuel Baker ever missed a shot? The question occurred to ourselves, and we have taken some pains to answer it conscientiously. At an early stage of his career, it seems, the great hunter decided that he "could not afford to miss." And accordingly he "got into a habit of shooting straight"—a pleasing and useful habit to acquire, but not always attainable. Having adopted it, Sir Samuel Baker found great advantage therein. Our researches fail to detect any single instance of a miss. Once upon a time, indeed, he was victim to an accident, and wounded a stag in the fore-quarter. Once, also, a royal elephant received his shot without damage visible; but General Valentine Baker and all the shikaris present comforted him with an assurance that his bullet "struck in exactly the right place"—only it "deflected." This was a conical ball, which is only less objectionable than the hollow "express." The pronouncement of such an authority is decisive in questions like these. Again and again throughout his volumes Sir Samuel Baker inveighs against the hollow ball, illustrating his denunciation with story after story and disaster after disaster—a surprising number of them fatal. That system, however, has many powerful advocates, and such reiterated assaults upon it are sure to provoke reply. But it is not in shooting alone that the author seems to have cultivated the habit of success. Facing a rhinoceros calf with a sword, for the purpose of taking the creature alive, he finds it necessary to strike, and "sever its neck completely, leaving only the thick skin of the throat, to which the head was still attached." The neck aforesaid was "about fifteen inches thick." It is unnecessary to add that this sword was not English nor German make, but pure Arab, borrowed from one of the Hamram followers, in whose family it had been for several generations. With a European weapon, however, a real Andrea Ferrara claymore, shortened, he sliced a large wild boar just behind the shoulder, cutting it "halfway through." Nor is it with cold steel alone that Sir Samuel Baker has distinguished himself. He tells us candidly that throwing stones with a definite aim was never his "pride," because he seldom indulged that practice without hitting a friend by mistake. On one occasion, however, when he was sitting with Lady Baker in Consul Petherick's courtyard, upon a covered "square" raised some height above the ground, a savage boar, escaping from its den, charged up the steps. "Fortunately a long rhinoceros horn, weighing about ten pounds, was close at hand; this I immediately seized with both hands, and was just in time, when the boar was half way up the steps, to hurl it with all my strength." It knocked the aggressor senseless, and he was recaptured. These incidents are mentioned to show how admirably qualified by nature was this great shikari to meet the perils of the chase. It is pleasant to observe the indignation of his rebukes to the mere amateur, who kills for the sake of killing. The merciless gunner, says he, who loves slaughter, is "the curse of the nineteenth century." Sir Samuel Baker himself had hundreds of men to feed in Africa, scores, as a rule, in India. But on the Rocky Mountains, where his few attendants destroyed fifty times the game needful day by day, he determined to kill no more, but only to admire. "In accordance with this determination, I took great pains on many occasions to obtain a shot, and after long stalks, having gained a magnificent position, I raised my rifle, took a most deadly aim, and touched the trigger—having carefully kept the rifle on half-cock. Away went the buffalo to live for another day, instead of being slaughtered uselessly, to rot upon the plains, or to be devoured by wolves, or buried in the soil by bears. This sort of stalking afforded me much pleasure, but it did not suit my American attendant. 'Well,' said he, 'if you came all the way from the Old Country to shoot, and you won't shoot when you've got the chance, you'd have done better to stay at home.'"

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE task of writing about the late M. Scherer has been executed with taste, and (allowing for the not ungraceful partiality expected in such things) with judgment, by M. Octave Gréard (1), an Academician and a typical representative of the purest French culture of the University type. M. Gréard has

(1) *Edmond Scherer.* Par M. Gréard. Paris: Hachette.

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evidently to make a little allowance for his friend's rather irregular and partly exotic, though full and varied, training; and he makes no secret of the fact, noted by all competent critics, and constituting no small blot on M. Scherer's critical record, that he was always an unsafe judge of what he disliked, and that his dislikes were neither few nor weak. Obliquely, too, M. Gréard, Academician and academic as he is, may be thought to glance with something of kindly contempt at the somewhat "meticulous" care which M. Scherer bestowed on such things as dates. Not Macaulay himself could triumph more magnificently over a sinner in this respect than M. Scherer; and he was much less often right than Macaulay. But, with these faults, and the additional ones of a lack of humour and a lack of catholic enthusiasm, M. Scherer had great merits, to which his eulogist does justice. His nature inclined him, and his education confirmed the inclination, to a certain priggishness and an excessive attention to what may be called the state of his literary and other souls. He was always balancing the accounts of his religious belief, and, if there was a halffew wrong, deciding that the belief and not he was in fault. So that at the last he came from a decidedly orthodox Protestant to be almost purely agnostic. But in literature, and to some extent in politics, he was a very valuable critic, sensible, acute, and well informed, as few critics are.

A fresh instalment of the *Journal des Goncourt* (2) (which is now, thanks to the operations of fate, the journal of but one of them, for it begins after Jules's death) cannot but be interesting. One may be, and we are, by no means minded to share the enthusiasm of those who think the MM. de Goncourt, and even M. Edmond de Goncourt by himself, fit to be classed among the masters of style. One may regard the perpetual and avowed search for the document, the constant effort after an artistic view of things, as unreal, Byzantine, mischievous. One may suspect the complete *bona fides* and originality of some of these reflections professedly of twenty years since, and one may question both the good nature and the accuracy of some references to other people's behaviour and words. But reminiscences of the siege-and-Commune period by a writer of undeniably skill and of great opportunities for knowing what, at least, literary people thought and said, could not be other than interesting; and we shall take an opportunity of reviewing them at greater length than is possible here. M. Renan is, perhaps, the person who comes worst out from M. de Goncourt's somewhat Carlylian style of reminiscence; "Théo," as was to be expected, comes best. The whole picture of the state of Parisian thought and feeling at the time of the war is valuable, even though, as we have suggested, it is sometimes little difficult to be certain that it is an absolutely original and unrevised report of the impressions of the moment as recorded at that moment itself. One fact, however, is curious, if true, that "la viande de cheval" is a "viande de mauvais rêves et de cauchemars." There were so many causes for these things besides horseflesh diet!

We have nothing to say against M. Doutrepont's careful editing of the interesting thirteenth, or very early fourteenth century, paraphrase or imitation of the *Ars Amatoria*, in Norman dialect, called *La clef d'Amors* (3), except the old and irreconcilable complaint of those who think linguistic study only a means in the study of literature against those who think it an end. Not much more than twenty years ago M. Tross printed (and printed very beautifully) the *Clef d'Amour*, and we fear the demand for old French literature is scarcely greedy enough to make even so pretty a book inaccessible now. That the edition is not, in the estimation of to-day, critical, is probable, or rather certain; just as, no doubt, in another thirty or fifty years the Paul Meyer & Gaston Paris of the day will shake the head over M. Doutrepont's own. But there is plenty of periodicals and transactions of learned Societies in which its shortcomings might have been set forth and remedied, instead of devoting a new edition to it, with half the *chansons de geste* unprinted, and the great prose Arthurian romances for the most part inaccessible. Still this is, we say, an old and seemingly a vain complaint. We must, we suppose, take what we can get and be thankful for it; and, indeed, the *Clef* is quite worth having.

We may notice more briefly the second, third, and fourth parts of Dr. Schoetensack's compact, useful, and learned *French Etymological Dictionary* (Heidelberg: Winter; London: Augen Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); two parts of M.M. Lecène Goutte's cheap and well-executed *Classiques populaires*, Goutte by M. Firmery, and *Cervantes* by M. Lucien Biart; and certain works for desk or school use. Of these Mr. McLaughlin's *New Letter Writer's Manual* (Paris: Garnier; London: Hachette) may be strictly business-like in the business parts, but is not a little quaint in its miscellaneous departments, "To a Young Lady Seen with Difficulty," and the like. The second part of McLaughlin's *French Course*, by Mr. T. H. Bertenshaw, seems practical enough. So is M. Calais's *Wellington French Primer Book* (Nutt). We are glad to see this as a proof that a school which has acquired some reputation for the teaching of "modern" subjects in a "modern" way, one of the very best old devices, that of getting by heart, is encouraged and not discouraged. "All others are cagmuggers" in comparison.

(2) *Journal des Goncourt*. Deuxième série, premier volume. Paris: Charpentier.

(3) *Bibliotheca Normannica—La clef d'Amors*. Edited by O. Doutrepont. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Nutt.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

A MANUAL of Wood-carving, by Charles G. Leland, revised by John J. Holtzapfel (Whittaker & Co.), provides as practical and thorough a course of instruction in the art of wood-carving as can be given in the form of a handbook. Time was when what are called the industrial arts flourished; there was then no need for handbooks. The craftsmen of those dark ages managed to do without manuals. In wood-carving, for example, the men of Nuremberg, specimens of whose work are given among the admirable illustrations of Mr. Leland's manual, did their best without the assistance that books afford. And their best comprises examples that are not to be bettered. But those simple yet fruitful times are beyond recall. We can no more revert to the old order than revive the system of craft guilds. Nothing, perhaps, better exemplifies the changed conditions under which artistic training is now carried on than the acknowledged necessity of books. We have handbooks, more or less technical, upon every conceivable branch of art, many of which profess to teach what never can be taught through written exposition. A common defect of such guides is, that they prematurely incite the ambition of the learner. Mr. Leland's handbook is absolutely free from this error. It teaches the pupil how to use his tools and material by acquiring a thorough acquaintance with both; what kind of work he is first to put his hand to, and the precise moment when he must stay his hand and proceed no further, until he is perfected in the rudimentary lessons. Such patient, explicit, step-by-step teaching as Mr. Leland's is indeed the only road to excellence. Beginners in wood-carving, Mr. Leland rightly observes, are so anxious to produce high-class and elaborate work that they neglect those elementary lessons in groove-cutting with a gouge which he urges should never be abandoned until properly mastered. Mr. Leland does well in repeating his warning on this subject in the first three or four lessons of this excellent manual.

Southern War Songs, collected and arranged by W. L. Fagan (New York: Richardson), is an illustrated volume of comely appearance, put forth as "the largest and only collection of Confederate songs published." The poetry of the Secession war, however, has been collected in book form before this by Northern and Southern editors. Many of the songs in Mr. Fagan's volume we have met before in other collections. Others, mostly derived from Southern newspapers, have the charm of novelty, if distinguished by no other mark of grace. On the whole, the compiler is wise in declining to claim "poetic merit" for all the lyrics he has gathered. It is enough that they were sung by eight millions of fervid and uncritical patriots. There is a clear note of patriotism in such pieces as the *War Song of North Carolina* and "*The Southern Flag*." The sentiment of such songs as "*All quiet along the Potomac to-night*" is true and affecting. Some of the most stirring and original of these songs were obviously written by soldiers whose names are now lost. We do not know the writer of "*The Confederate Oath*," that very fiery lay; and the animated stanzas

Come, stack arms, men! pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright, &c.

that celebrate "*Stonewall Jackson's way*," were found on the body of a sergeant, killed on the battlefield at Winchester, Virginia.

Captain G. J. Younghusband, in *Frays and Frolics* (Percival & Co.), treats of the arts of war and peace, campaigning and sport, in Afghanistan, the Soudan, and the North-West Provinces. His sketches of life in the camp or on march are excellently bright and moving. With equal spirit and sympathy does he describe a day's hawkings or pig-sticking, a brush with Afghans on the hills, the attack on Ali Musjid, or Lieutenant Hamilton's gallant defence of the Residency at Cabul. One of the pleasantest chapters in this pleasant little book is devoted to setting before "youngsters who have done a year's soldiering" the advantages of service in the Indian Staff Corps. Captain Younghusband admits there is much to be said on both sides, though nothing could be more seductive than the picture he paints from his own conviction. Such enthusiasm as he shows for his own branch of the service, and his own regiment, the Corps of Guides, is nothing less than delightful reading in these days. And, it may be added, the zeal in this instance is as well founded as it is persuasive.

The army chaplain in action, as he is displayed in the Rev. Arthur Male's *Scenes through the Battle Smoke* (Dean & Son), is an inspiring figure. Mr. Male has certainly not been content to scent the battle from afar. His recollections of Afghan and Egyptian campaigns are very lively in style and diversified in incident. Mr. Male's book yields a keen sense of the author's excellent spirits, and health, and boundless activity. The reader who is arrested by Mr. Sydney Paget's exciting picture of "The Rev. Arthur Male and Friend running the Gauntlet at Jellalabad," will not be disappointed when he compares the artist's representation with the author's recital. The situation demanded coolness and courage in the highest degree. It was literally a case of walking the gauntlet, and the sequel showed how narrow was the escape of both men from the knives of a fanatical and furious mob.

Famous Musical Composers, by Lydia T. Morris (Fisher Unwin), a thin compilation of brief notices, is like a collection of snippets gathered from a dictionary of music and musicians, made up of

[October 25, 1890.]

bald facts baldly put forth, the mere dry bones of biography. Some rude portraits adorn the trite pages.

Mr. B. L. Farjeon's *A Very Young Couple* (White & Co.) deals with the old theme of the groundless jealousy of a young wife, whose suspicions are fanned by a mischief-making relative—an aunt this time, not a mother-in-law. Mr. Farjeon's story is, however, fresh and ingenious. The working out of the misunderstanding between husband and wife and its final solution are suggestive of stage treatment, that should be effective in the form of a farcical comedietta. Moved, perhaps, by Mr. C. F. Keary's example, the husband, who is a novelist, has undertaken to write a novel that shall be all "letters" in conjunction with a lady novelist of high fame. They interchange "copy" through the post; and her letters, couched in mysterious and warm terms, fall into the hands of the simple yet suspicious wife. Hence a pretty imbroglio.

In *The Weapons of Mystery* (Routledge) Mr. Joseph Hocking illustrates the dangers of hypnotism and other dreadful powers, some of which are decidedly occult, with a fearless determination to thrill the imaginative and credulous reader. His success, we think, should be complete. He is a master of cheap sensations.

As "mysteries" are now estimated, Mr. Lethbridge Banbury's—*The Luny Wood Mystery* (Hutchinson & Co.)—is by no means bad. The story is somewhat slack in construction; but the heart of it is sound enough, and it has the advantage of a clever illustrator in Mr. J. B. Partridge.

Mr. Froude, of the Oxford University Warehouse, has produced a set of extremely pretty "Finger" New Testaments, to match the "Finger" Prayer Books of last year—the well-known India paper of the Clarendon Press permitting between five and six hundred pages to be got into the thickness of not much more than a quarter of an inch. The print is also marvellous clear though marvellously small, and the various bindings are in more than the trade sense "elegant."

Among new editions we have received *The Story of the Heavens*, by Sir R. S. Ball, LL.D. (Cassell & Co.); *Mountaineering in Colorado*, by F. H. Chapin (Sampson Low & Co.); *The Good News of God*, by Charles Kingsley (Macmillan & Co.); *Under the Deodars and Wee Willie Winkie*, by Rudyard Kipling (Sampson Low & Co.); *Campbell's Poetical Works*, Aldine Edition (Bell & Sons); *Disenchantment*, by F. Mabel Robinson (Methuen & Co.); *A Mariage de Convenience*, by C. F. Kearny (Fisher Unwin), and Mr. J. G. Wall's *Dictionary of Photography* (Hazell, Watson, & Viney).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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Every THURSDAY and SATURDAY at Eight (except October 29 and November 5). Vocalists on October 23, Mme. Marie de Lido, Mr. Wm. Foxon. October 25, Miss Glenn, Mr. Robt. Newman. November 1, Mme. Clara Samuel, Mr. Barrington Peacock. The Crystal Palace Military Band. Bandmaster, Mr. Charles Godfrey, Jun. Accompanist, A. J. Eyre, F.C.O. No extra charge.

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The new Professor will be expected to enter upon his duties on January 6, 1891.

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